

# ANN ARBOR ARGUS

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WHITE PANTHER COMMUNITY NEWS SERVICE - Issue 27 - Aug 17 - Aug 31 - Ann Arbor Argus Newspaper

"POWER is the ability  
to define phenomena  
and make it act in a  
desired manner."

-Huey P. Newton



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# up in harlem

"I was going to throw myself in front of a car and then my friend told me about this program."

"I know a dude who took the money his mother gave him to buy her heart medicine with. And when he came back from shooting up she was dead."

Drug addicts in Harlem and other poor neighbors are desperate. If they decide to kick, they have nowhere to go right away. That is, they had nowhere to go before the United Drug Fighters of Harlem took over two formerly unused floors of Harlem Hospital and turned them into a drug rehabilitation center.

It wasn't very fancy looking in there, not even as good as the rest of the rundown hospital. Blankets were spread out on the floors because there were no beds; the hospital didn't keep its promise to provide them. Clothes were hung on clotheslines stretched across the rooms.

But everyone there was enthusiastic.

Many of the three hundred young Black and Third World people now occupying the liberated drug center has tried to be admitted to the hospital before. One young man said that a common practice of the hospital was to send people away and tell them to come back in two or three months. "Or they give out little pink and white pills," he said, "and tell you to go home and kick by yourself. You find out that when you try it that they're nothing but sugar pills and you have to go cold turkey."

If someone happens to be sick and gets into the hospital for that, then they stand a chance of getting detoxified. One teenager said, "I know kids



who broke their legs on purpose just to get treatment."

Treatment, under the program put together by people from the United Harlem Drugfighters, a variety of Harlem and East Harlem groups, including the Southwest Harlem Community Orientation Center and the Young Lords Party, consists of methadone, lots of rest, wholesome food, and rap sessions. Copies of the Black Panther newspaper, and Palante, the paper of the Young Lords, were circulating among the participants in the program. It was all made possible because enough of the staff at the hospital cooperated.

The Drugfighters issued a statement

explaining the reason for the building takeover. The statement noted that, "There is no adolescent detoxification hospital treatment in Harlem, which has the largest adolescent drug problem in the world."

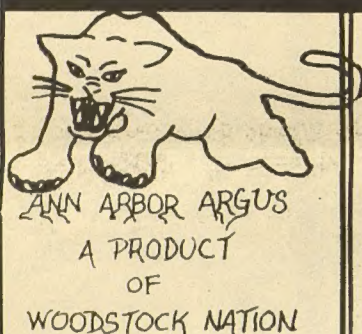
The group demanded that hospital facilities and various funds, including "emergency disaster funds" be used for anti-heroin programs.

Calvin, an 18 year old hooked on heroin for four years, spoke for all the addicts at a press conference. "I'm ready to still till the bust. I'm ready to help others stay. . . I think there's gonna be a good old riot if we don't get what we want."

The cops seemed more pleased about the possibility of a riot than about the fact that several hundred addicts who survived by mugging and burglary—who were on their way to seeing things straight. Cops with walkie-talkies occupied the floors above and below the area taken over by the drug fighters.

But after seven days, there has been no bust, and the program is still going on.

Any contributions of reading materials-books and underground newspapers—should be sent to: United Harlem Drug fighters, 136th Street and Fifth Avenue, Harlem Hospital, Building K, 7th Floor, New York, N.Y.



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## NUMBERS TO KNOW

Ann Arbor Argus	769-1333
ARM	761-9368
Canterbury House	665-0606
Newsreel	663-3714
Mr. Flood's Party	668-9372
Summit St. Medical Coop	769-4445
White Panther National Headquarters	761-1709
Bad Trips	761-HELP
Ann Arbor Network	769-6540
Gay Liberation	665-7502
Big Steel Ballroom	668-9089
Legal Self Defense	769-2570
	763-3241
Ypsilanti LSD	487-1037
	482-1272
WNRZ	663-0569
Women's Groups	
life-style discussion	769-4298
political discussion	662-9856
publicity	769-3570
orientation	769-6225
literature	769-5989
child care	562-6626
self-defense	971-5697
open houses	662-7790
abortion counseling	662-9856
newsletter	761-8784
reem	831-0816
Fifth Estate	831-6500
Keep on Truckin' Coop	831-1574
Open City	831-2770
White Panthers, Detroit Chapter	831-9623
A.B.X.	961-8888
B.K.R.	846-8500



## JIMMY WINE

Once again the forces which attempt to choke and maim us have gotten to us—hit us where it hurts.

A brother known to us as Jimmy Wine was killed by the hard dope which is pumped into our ghetto. Some say that he was sold rat poison. All of our lives we have been taught the principles of self-abasement. This is carried on even in our homes but we pretend that it is not there. Then there is the feeling that if I can't make it, I won't help anybody else.

Now more than ever, we need to draw together, find out who our "friends"

are, and begin to work towards helping each and every one of our brothers and sisters, and in turn receive help.

Jimmy Wine was a young person known to almost everyone. This example which he set should not go down as a basis for survival. Jones or heroin is a drug which destroys the mind and the body. It is addicting and most of the time leads to ripping to support a habit. This is how so many of our brothers and sisters are snatched off the streets and sent to so-called "rehabilitation centers"—prisons where they serve out the time given to them by our fascist racist judges, going through pure hell.

I know that I can't come out and say don't shoot heroin. Everyone is going to do his or her own thing anyway. But I can tell you that heroin is something that we as a people don't need. Jimmy Wine was not killed by Jones—he was murdered by US who stand around and let all of this shit be brought among us.

Some of you will say "he's up there writing this shit but he doesn't know how it is." What you must realize is that I am a part of you. I shoot pool with you every day, I drink the same wine, I smoke the same smoke, and catch the same hell. There are those of you who know me well, and know that I am for real. I want to see all of my brothers and sisters striving to overthrow this system which kills more and more of us each day.

For those of you who wish to know me by name—I have many. I am called "nigger" every day of my life, I am one of the many oppressed peoples of the world. I am unexpectedly called "brother" by one who feels some of the aches that I feel. I am called scum by those who hate me for being myself.

Don't let things like this deter us from our duty to the people. Jimmy is gone and will not have to face all of this which we will yet have to go through, but I too knew him and will not let him go unavenged.

ALL POWER TO ALL THE PEOPLE!

## lies

Fairy Tales in the Free Press and the Ann Arbor News say that White Panthers are helping the pigs with the problem of heroin in our community. This is a bull-shit lie and another case of the pigs turning the whole situation around. We are not going to help the pigs stick anybody in a cage. The fact is that the White Panthers are concerned with the problem of heroin in your community and are only making the people aware of it. We do not have the bread to deal with this problem in the right manner that is needed and we do need the support of the city. We feel that a community center must be started as an alternative to deal with the problem and the city has been working with us to deal with the situation. We will not put any pictures of pushers in our paper and the Sun/Dance will have a retraction saying it does not declare war on pushers and users but on the drug. We do believe that heroin is an ape on the back of the people and this ape must be caged.





# COMMUNITY INFORMATION

## TO THE PEOPLE:

Our last issue was put out in such a hurry that we neglected to include some information carried over from issue 25: we quoted Commander Cody as saying that his favorite place to play is the Matrix, which is an unbelievable error, we are told. MANDRAKE's is the place you want to go to— avoid the Matrix at all costs.

Our weekly schedule has been

getting really messed up— mostly due to the ongoing money problem. This will hopefully get better as businesses and stores in Ann Arbor give up some advertising in the fall when school starts.

We still need the help of writers, artists, and paper vendors; we will consider any articles or graphic ideas and probably put them in the paper.

Many people know by this time that the Argus is the newspaper of

the Ann Arbor chapter of the White Panther Party. THE CHAPTER NEEDS AN OFFICE TO RENT OR SHARE— we will be temporarily working out of the Argus basement. We are already involved in the following programs: Liberation School for kids, Free Wheels (when our van works. . .), the Sunday Free Concerts, and Political Education classes on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday nights at 8:00.

We need energy and facilities to

initiate these programs: first aid classes (natural extension being a free medical clinic), Self Defense classes, writing and producing of childrens' books, Free Food for Freeks, and the production and distribution of revolutionary pamphlets, posters and newsletters. The Chapter's Red Star Press will be in operation very soon: we need people to help put the press together, as well as print. Tell us about any other programs you need.

## HATE MAIL

To the ARGUS:

I have been hiding out for the last 9 months for crimes committed in the name of REVOLUTION.

Please print the following:

To the Ann Arbor Police,

Well I hope you pricks are happy now. I've been running for nine months because you were going to send me to prison fifteen years.

You made me leave a town I loved.

You made me leave my home.

You made me leave my friends.

You made me leave my old lady who was going to have my kid. Well pigs, I'm tired of running. I been on ice too long. I'll get you for this if it takes me the rest of your life. By any means possible. Not for me only, but for every brother and sister that you've fucked over in the name of the SYSTEM. Your punks and you're gonna die. I HATE you. I hate your system.

I'm the voice of the people you've messed with.

SO FUCK YOU PUNKS,

An Angry Brother

P.S. Sheriff Harvey is a mung sucking PIG.



dope

"If ya wanna get high, you're gonna have to fight."

Most of the dope that's in Ann Arbor has been of a high quality. The prices are still as high as ever on smoking dope. Prices range from \$100 a pound to \$150 a pound. Bricks weighing from 1.8 to 1.10 pounds are going for around \$200 to \$230, but it's been good Mexican dope. There is some righteous sunshine acid in town there small orange tabs. They have been selling for around \$40 to \$70 per hundred and \$400 to \$700 per thousand. There has been some Red Lebanese hash, that is super nice. Some really nice cocaine has been around, but there are some people around that are trying to pass heroin off as cocaine, so if you make a purchase be sure and inspect the goods. If it isn't white like cocaine is and turns out to be sort of a shade of tan, or real light brown then it's smack. So right on to good dope and God damn the pusher man!

## Tribal

## smoke signals...

The meeting began with Matt Lampe from Drug Help giving us a report on heroin. Heroin does not do as much physical damage as speed and a lot of times speed freaks use heroin to get off speed. The people that get heroin around Ann Arbor get low grade heroin because it is cut to much. Heroin addiction is mental and physical. In the Ann Arbor area, because of low grade heroin, the occurrence of mental addiction is far greater than physical addiction. The two main solutions was to stop availability and to educate the people. Eugene Staudenmire reported that Don Borot and himself were looking for a place for the cultural center but, hadn't had too much luck. He also said that the city's attitude to-

ward the project was one of knowing that they had to start doing something about drug abuse. A committee was formed to do more research on the problem.

The Psychedelic Ranger made \$3,470.00 for the Park Program. The Park Program will only need a few hundred dollars. This will help us with back up money to open the big steel ballroom.

Plans to organize a food co-op were discussed. One suggestion was first to survey all of the area suppliers. Then publish a price list at the end of a week compile all of the orders and buy food in quantities.

Things to be talking about for next weeks meeting are a transportation co-op and the fall election.



## CALENDAR

MONDAY, Aug. 17: Ann Arbor City Council Meeting, watch DDemocracy in AAction, City Hall 7 p.m. Bob Sheff and his Real Great Band at Canterbury House 8 p.m. \$1 (also Tuesday)

TUESDAY, Aug. 18: ANN ARBOR TRIBAL COUNCIL MEETING 8 p.m. Ozone in the old Marshall's Bookstore Bob Sheff

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 19: Magic House RADICAL FILM SERIES- Ingmar Bergman's 'WILD STRAWBERRIES' 7-9-11 \$ 7.75

THURSDAY, Aug. 20: ROCK and ROLL, Tom Hayden speaks, a Newsreel and the dangerous UP rock an roll music, doors open 7:30- show starts 8:00 NORTH END FAMILY CENTER behind Blessed Sacrament Cathedral Belmont/ an John R. Detroit admission \$1.50

SUNDAY, Aug. 23: Free Concert in Diana Oughton Memorial Park: Mag-pye, New Heavenly Blues Band, Tacklebox



# JAIL BREAK!

## insurrection! offin' the

Monday, August 11, 1970. (NEW YORK CITY)

Yesterday, prisoners on the 9th floor of the Tombs men's Detention Center barricaded themselves and five guards they took as hostages into the cellhouse. They would not release them until the prison authorities promised that there would be no repercussions against the prisoners, and that they would be allowed to present a list of grievances to the mayor and the press. A spokesman for the prisoners said "We are not animals—we are human beings. This is the result of a violent act. We are trying to bring attention to what is going on." The grievances speak best for themselves.

The following is the text of the demands issued yesterday by prisoners at the Manhattan House of Detention for Men:

We, the inmates of the ninth floor of Tombs City Prison, Manhattan, N.Y., submit this petition of grievances and we solicit your attention in this matter.

### GRIEVANCES

1. We address ourselves to what we feel to be the injustices we suffer in the courtrooms of the Criminal Court and the Supreme Court of Manhattan County;

(a) Many of us have been denied preliminary hearings in Criminal Court;

(b) Those of us who do receive hearings are usually given sham hearings that border on a system of Kangaroo Courts in which we are not given a chance to take the stand in our own behalf, nor are we ever advised of our rights by the judges at these so-called hearings;

(c) Many of us find ourselves the victims of excessive bail;

(d) Many of us are brought to court and wind up sitting in the detention cells all day and never get to enter the courtroom (This is generally regarded as a move by the people's representative, the district attorney, to wear the man down so that he will be willing to plead guilty);

(e) Many of us have submitted writs and petitions to the court asking that the court rectify some error in procedure. We are denied hearings on our writs even though constitutional questions are involved, or, as is usually the case, the writs go unanswered;

(f) Many of us have been waiting for trial dates for an average of eight months to a year or more and our motions for speedy trials are ignored by the courts.

In conclusion of grievance No. 1, it appears that each and every one of us has been denied some basic constitutional right and we stand before the public at large guilty until we can prove ourselves innocent.

2. In relation to grievance No. 1, in most instances we find that the Legal Aid Society aids and abets the incursions and abuses of our rights in the courtrooms. It is the order of the day for the assigned legal aid, on first meeting his client to open the conversation by saying "I suggest that you take a guilty plea," or "I can speak to the District Attorney and get you (this or that) plea."

All this without even asking the client in confidence whether he is in fact guilty of the charge. Those of us who have to rely on the Legal Aid Society to represent us find that though they are paid by the state they will not thoroughly investigate the case or subpoena witnesses in our behalf.

In conclusion of grievance No. 2, we feel that under the

present system of the courts that we cannot receive any justice and can only suffer threat, coercion and intimidation disguised as law and justice.

3. We now address ourselves to the physical brutality perpetrated by the officials of Tombs Prison against the inmates thereof. This unnecessary brutality has been largely directed against the black and Puerto Rican inmate population. We vehemently denounce this policy of inhumane treatment.

It is common practice for an inmate to be singled out by some Correction Department employee because he did not hear the officer call his name or because the officer did not like the way this or that inmate looked or because of the manner in which the inmate walked or because the officer brings the turmoil of his own personal problems to work with him, and together with other officers, beat the defenseless inmate into unconsciousness, often injuring him for life physically and mentally or both.

The attacks on the inmates are made by officers wielding blackjack, night sticks, fists and feet. After such attacks it is the policy of the officials in collusion with any one of the institution doctors to fix up fake accident reports to cover up the mayhem that has been committed against the person of the inmate.

We reject all official denials that such things do not happen here as there are those of us who have experienced these sadistic attacks and there are witnesses to verify the fact. It is common knowledge by thoughtful men that "Not one leaf of a tree could turn yellow without the silent knowledge and consent of the tree itself."

That is in relation to the officers who daily brutalize and maim us. These acts would not and could not happen without the knowledge and consent of the Commissioner of Correction, the Assistant Commissioner of Correction, the Warden of Tombs Prison, the Deputy Wardens of Tombs Prison, and the Captains of Tombs Prison.

In conclusion of grievance No. 3, We DEMAND that this policy of physical brutality cease immediately.

4. In relation to grievance No. 3, it has come to our attention that our wives, sisters and mothers have been variously insulted and indecently proposed to by the officers of Tombs Prison when they come to visit us. We demand that this abuse to our women be discontinued.

5. We now address ourselves to the food which we are fed. Molded bread; only enough jelly to put on one slice of bread; rotten potatoes, always half-cooked; powdered eggs with the consistency of overcooked tapioca; not enough deserts; the food is generally unpalatable without seasoning and not fit for human consumption. In conclusion to this grievance we demand better prepared food.

6. Because many of us are feel that we cannot get a fair shake between the Legal Aid Society and the courts, we find that we must prepare our own briefs and motions. This institution has law books in its library, but the institution does not allow the inmates to use the law book for reference data. In conclusion of grievance No. 6 we demand use of the law books in the library.

7. This entire institution is ridden with body lice, roaches, rats and mice and we demand that adequate measures be taken to alleviate this condition.

8. As has been stated, a great majority of the men here spend about an average of eight months to a year here with their cases and a good portion of them, due to circumstances, have no other clothes to wear save those which they had when they entered the institution. We feel that the institution should supply each inmate with adequate clothing and facilities to maintain the upkeep of their civilian attire.

9. We ask that there be an improvement in the medical staff here at the institution. As the matter no wstands, the doctors prescribe an assortment of pills for every individual ailment without adequate diagnosis of the patients' complaint. The doctors even relegate responsibility by having an institution nurse listen to prisoners complain of ailments and prescribe pills for that ailment contrary to standard medical practice and the law in that regard.

10. We ask that there be no repercussions against any of the inmates involved in this protest, and that each and every point of the above list of grievances be given your personal attention. We also ask that this entire petition, without deletion, be made public by giving access to it to the press.

### IN CONCLUSION

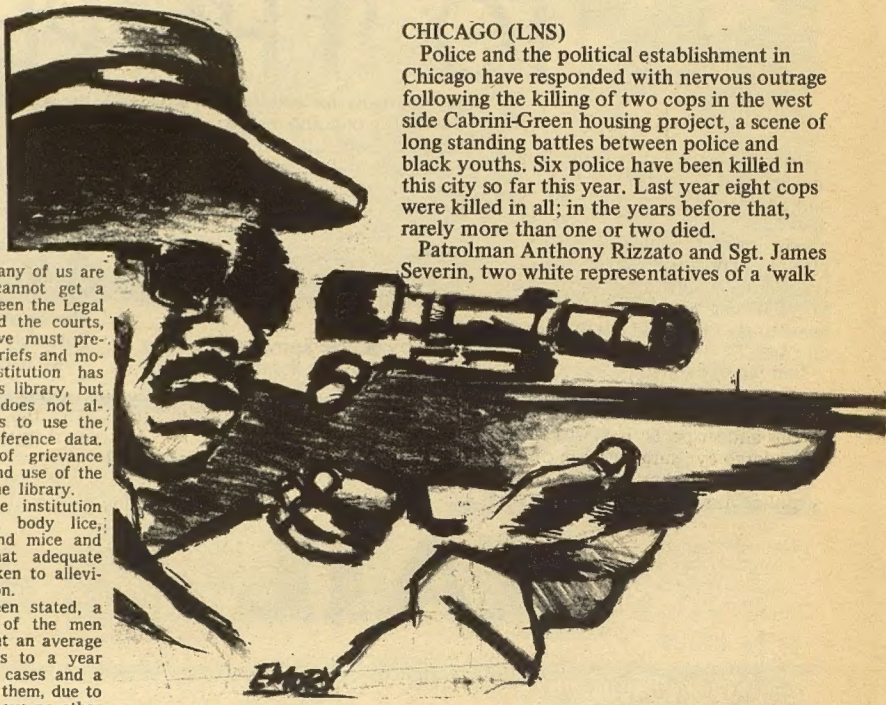
We are firm in our resolve and we demand, as human beings the dignity and justice that is due to us by right of our birth. We do not know how the present system of brutality and dehumanization and injustice has been allowed to be perpetuated in this day of enlightenment, but we are the living proof of its existence and we cannot allow it to continue.

The manner in which we chose to express our grievances is admittedly dramatic, but it is not as dramatic and shocking as the conditions under which society has forced us to live. We are indignant and so, too, should the people of society be indignant.

The taxpayer, who, just happens to be our mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, sons and daughters should be made aware of how their tax dollars are being spent to deny their sons, brothers, fathers, and uncles justice, equality and dignity.

Respectfully submitted

WE ARE ONE PEOPLE  
THE INMATES OF THE  
9TH FLOOR TOMBS PRISON.



CHICAGO (LNS)

Police and the political establishment in Chicago have responded with nervous outrage following the killing of two cops in the west side Cabrini-Green housing project, a scene of long standing battles between police and black youths. Six police have been killed in this city so far this year. Last year eight cops were killed in all; in the years before that, rarely more than one or two died.

Patrolman Anthony Rizzato and Sgt. James Severin, two white representatives of a 'walk

## SUBTERRAN

by CALAMITY JANE

I have just finished spending the summer in jail. It could be any big midwestern city, could have been any demonstration/riot I was sentenced to 90 days for. Could be any jail.

Jail is a very educational experience, especially for young white freeks trying to grow into revolutionaries. Although by the end of the summer, I'd had quite enough of THAT kind of education, thank you, I learned a lot there. For one thing, it's the first time I've ever lived in the Black colony. Most big city jails are black—the one I was in is about 90% black. I'd gotten so used to living there that I still find it a bit weird being with white people again, with freeks who just don't know the jail experience.

The jail I was in has a lot of people in for junk and prostitution. People come out again real quickly—

there's a very high turnover. There were only a few of us doing time—mostly under six months. It was hard, but it's not penitentiary, where people are in for years. The matrons there were not pigs—they were just black women from the community, and with the exception of the head matron were pretty good people. This varies from place to place—like where I was where I was first busted they were total sadists, and mostly white—but here people related to them almost like mothers.

And being in jail with women is very different than what men go through. I've talked with a lot of brothers who've spent time in jail, and they were always giving me dire warnings about how much I'd have to fight just to survive. It really wasn't like that—it's not that the sisters weren't tough, or that heavy tensions didn't exist due to racism and the oppressive situation we were all in—it's just





# pig

and talk' program designed to 'mend police-community relations' in the projects, were shot around 7 p.m. on July 17, as they walked across a playing field beneath the high-rise buildings that house most of the 17,000 residents of the projects. Within minutes, over 300 police in sixty cars and a helicopter, armed with carbines, shotguns, pistols, and automatic weapons converged on the scene. Twice the patrol cars seeking to retrieve the bodies were driven back by rifle fire.

Police estimated 30 additional shots were fired at them from somewhere up in the 19 story buildings. The cops poured 200 rounds of ammunition into the high-rises, then stormed through the projects smashing doors in and beating innocent citizens, looking for weapons and suspects. Robert Frazier, 16, had to undergo eye surgery from police-inflicted injuries. Another 15-year old boy was shot by police during the barrage.

Early Saturday morning Police Supt. James Conlisk said he had no solid clues but 'we are convinced those persons responsible will be apprehended in a short time.' Later that day three black youths -- George Knights, 23; Sidney Bennett, Jr., 18; and a 14-year old boy -- were arrested and charged with murder. John Veal, 17, eluded the police until he could be accompanied by a lawyer into court to surrender, since he feared police would murder him. Brenda Sims, 16, also turned herself in after a warrant for her arrest was issued.



## FREE AT LAST!

It wasn't very long ago at all I remember 5,000 voices jamming the sidewalks around San Francisco's Federal Building until there's no room left for feet, the strength growing to Power and all the while we knew they meant to fry, to kill Huey P. Newton, Minister of Defense of the Black Panther Party, for offing a charging, enraged, mad pig, thereby saving his own life; but the anger in every fist upraised that noon would have you know that Huey MUST be set free, no two ways about it-- or the sky's the limit. And the sound of anger from those fists was heard in the juror's chambers, had the judge by the knees: Huey did not fry; no, Huey would not die. Make no mistake, WE did that-- the power of the informed People.

And it was the power of the informed and determined people, channeled by the brilliance of Charles Garry that set Huey free on bail, pending retrial on reduced charges of involuntary manslaughter in the self-defense killing of an Oakland cop. Fashioning his new won freedom into a tool of liberation, Huey has begun a program to send black and other revolutionaries to Vietnam, to fight side by side with the NLF, much as american radicals once sent the "Lincoln Brigade" to Spain to fight

in the struggle against the fascist Franco regime.

It was no accident that Huey Newton found himself having to defend his life over a traffic violation. History had taught him that a people unable or unwilling to defend themselves is an enslaved and oppressed people; that it is right and necessary to teach the oppressed colony, through theory, practice, and example, the means and ends of defending itself against invading pig forces; and that through his role he would become a logical target upon whom to focus repressive measures designed to crush the very spirit of resistance he sought to engender.

Nor was it mere chance that a system which then sent Huey to trial for first degree murder, with every intention of lynching another uppity nigger, suddenly saw the error of its ways and saw to it that justice was done for once. The people fought for and won that justice. The united spirit of the people was/is greater than the Man's machine, and the Man knows it.

"You can see I'm free," Huey told the people upon his release, "now do the same for the Soledad Brothers" . . . and Bobby Seale, Ericka Huggins, John Sinclair, Pun Plamondon, the Panther 21, Los Siete de la Raza, the New Haven 9, Tim Leary, Lee Otis Johnson, the world . . .

## EAN JAILSICK BLUES

that they didn't have this whole trip of fighting to prove their manhood. I think it speaks a lot about male-female roles in Amerika that women survive imprisonment much better than men. The emphasis was on people helping each other out, not fucking each other over. It was also easier for us than it is for many white people because the other prisoners dug what we were in there for--white women doing time for beating on pigs-- so they didn't just see us as honkies, though there were definite tensions, because the jail tried to set us apart and give us more privileges, etc.

One of the main reasons I'd have to fight and prove myself a tough mother-fucker, men told me, was so I wouldn't get gangbanged (taken advantage of sexually) by the other inmates. That was total jive! For one thing, women just do not rape each other! (Or rape men, for that matter.) Homosexuality in jail was

something that women got into to survive, something to build warmth and human closeness. Because most people were in for such a short time, not many got into it. But those who did didn't force it on anyone-- they relied on cooperation, not coercion. When two women started making it, they became a couple, and other people would cover for them-- no hassle, no putdown or anything like that. Some people were already into it before they came in, especially prostitutes, which I can understand because the only way men related to them was as a cunt, not as any kind of human being at all.

There was a lot of shit in that jail though. It came more from the nature of that institution than the individuals who worked there-- at least that's how it was in the women's section, it probably was harder on the men. It was an unstated purpose of the institution, like all institutions in this country, to break people's spirits, break their will to fight. The best example I can think of is this woman I knew, a really strong, together person who I dug a lot. She was just finishing a 90 day sentence for shoplifting, and she was all excited about going home-- her old lady was coming to get her, she was giving her address to everyone, she was finally going home. She got as far as the front gate when ZAP! "Honey, you ain't going nowhere." The pigs had held a warrant for violation of probation the whole time she was in, and then chosen to spring it on her just as she was leaving. They took her over to the county jail, and I never saw her again. That kind of shit happens all the time, and I really think it's calculated. I mean, just how much can people take before they explode (and are promptly sent down to the penitentiary) or break or become so caught up in bitterness that it all seems hopeless? People have an incredible will to fight that's really beautiful, and black people have been fighting for their survival for 400 years. It scares the shit out of the Man-- he can't understand it, and he does everything in his power to destroy it.

One thing the Man uses to break people is smack. In the jail I was in, there were a lot of people in for smack-- some even turned themselves in for 30 days to kick. I talked a lot with women who were dope addicts, and we rapped about different drugs. Like we'd all

started out with reefer, but they'd gotten into smack while I'd gone on to acid and mesc. There's so much smack in the black community, it's incredible. And the people I talked with--they didn't dig it, they knew it was killing them. There was this one woman I talked with who was a really beautiful, funny smart person who'd been a junkie for eight years. She had scars and abscesses all over her body from the cheap shit they sell on the streets. She was really scared that she would never completely kick--it was all around her. Giving her an abstract rap about revolution would have been totally meaningless, not to mention racist. She knew it all, knew more than me because her whole life had been that oppression. She knew that there is a revolution, that it's necessary--shit, every person in that jail was conscious of that. It was a matter of kicking the man and the man's junk off her back, and that's a real hard thing to do. Some people finally do kick, but most people keep coming back, back to jail, because it's everywhere on the streets.

In some ways I can understand why people get strung out--it's a way of deadening and fading the oppression around you, but in the end it comes around and kills you. I think the people need to declare total war on smack, and the mafioso/government pushers, because it's one of the heaviest counter-revolutionary forces around. I've seen it and it's so destructive of people, it isolates them from each other, it's a slow day by day dying. (It's also interesting that at the point that the white youth community started getting more revolutionary was the point that there was a tremendous influx of junk into the free scene. There wasn't so much junk in the Black community, either, until the 50s, around the onset of the civil rights movement and growing black consciousness.)

A couple of women had taken acid, but most of them were scared to try it. I talked about how it was a whole intensification of reality, not a fantasy. We figured that in a lot of ways it was a white drug, because young white people can get into tripping in much more liberated surroundings. Can you dig on what it would be like tripping in the ghetto with rats and roaches and pigs kicking down your front

The women who'd done it had even tripped in jail (there were all kinds of drugs in there) and had been hallucinating in bars and the gigantic roaches that live there, and being locked up. It sounded really frightening--she hadn't dug it too much either!

There's a whole way people have of surviving in jail, of making their life in jail a continuation of life outside. People get tight together, cheer the pigs being shot outside, try to keep in touch with their people. One thing I found really gave me a lot of strength was music. Everyone listened to the local soul station on the radio, which played some really good jams. We got into dancing, and just lying there and letting the music carry you back to the outside. The things we take most for granted on the outside are the things we miss most in jail--getting stoned, making love, eating edible food, listening to live music. The first thing I did when I got out was to get really high with some friends, and listen to all my favorite records

Sometimes, despite everything people do to survive, it gets incredibly hard. A lot of that's the fault of people on the outside who forget their brothers and sisters in jail. One woman was in because no one would put up a \$10 bond for her. That's hard to swallow. My cellmate had a boyfriend when she came in, and at first he wrote all the time, then the letters trailed off, and we started getting vibes that he had another woman. I know how it feels now, because the same thing happened to me--my old man mysteriously vanished into thin air, despite promises to come see me when I got out. That shit really hurts--if your brothers and sisters are only going to stick by you when things are cool, and then desert you when it gets hard, there's something WRONG!

There's a whole lot of beautiful people in the jails and prisons of Amerika. They might be forgotten, but they don't forget--no one comes out of the jails without a healthy amount of hatred in them for the system that put them there. Ho Chi Minh said something about freeing the prisoners and unleashing the dragon that will destroy the imperialist monster. . . and the basis is there. The years of oppression are turning into a real rage, and one day it's going to explode.







photographs by T.R. Copi

# Luther Allison

**ARGUS:** How long have you been playin the blues?  
**LUTHER:** About 15 years—since 1959. My music came from Chicago. I started playin the guitar in Chicago. I went to school half time and played guitar half time, and I met with guitarists and started playin in Chicago.  
**ARGUS:** Do you do a lot of playin?  
**LUTHER:** When I get the opportunity to. I played in Ann Arbor last year and this year, I been down in Wisconsin, well, I guess I played about four or five festivals.  
**ARGUS:** Are the crowds mostly black people?  
**LUTHER:** They're mostly white. Right on. You know, you'll get a few black people—this is the whole trip in blues. These cats, you know—we don't want to hear this stuff. Why, is because you figure in any top 40 station you got James Brown—cats like James Brown doin the soul thing. Black people like to dance and shit instead of listen—that's what they like.  
**ARGUS:** Like, blues came out of a cultural thing, mostly songs about how black people have been oppressed. Do you think people are relating to blues now, or gettin into other things?  
**LUTHER:** I think they are relating to blues, but slowly. They tryin to find out what is goin to happen with soul music, rock and roll music, rock music, if it's gonna change. They're convinced that blues is not gonna change, but they don't know what tomorrow's gonna bring in the soul thing. It's the people's feelin not to just listen to the radio or go out to a club and just hear—they just want to know if it's gonna change. Everybody's now at a standstill, you might say—everybody's waiting to see if it's

gonna change or if it's gonna continue. I feel the blues is gonna be—it always has been.  
**ARGUS:** Do people relate to the blues as just a thing of the past?  
**LUTHER:** You can look at it—say, I don't know if you've caught Junior Wells or Buddy Guy on stage. Howlin Wolf or in the clubs or things.  
 It's a thing where you can like a thing, you know it's a story that people gonna come out to hear. The cat talks about it or sing about it and get to know the guy. It's more of a relationship thing of getting together with each other. And like, you know, in the country, after a days work—what could you do? You couldn't go to the bowling alley, you couldn't go to a movie, or a pool room, so what you do, you get a little jamboree together from among the family or among the neighbors, you know, and combine it together and make music. This is like at the end of a hard day, or you can go out and play some golf or what have you, and that's it. But then, you couldn't do these things, cause there was no place to go to do these things. So they just made up the only way of having fun, unless, you know, they have money or live in the city or something. Who knew about the city way back then in the time of Son House or the older guys behind him, you know, or in front of him—where it all came from.  
**ARGUS:** Are kids learnin how to sing the blues?  
**LUTHER:** Oh yeah, they do it. But what's stoppin them—like when school's out, they got a chance to hear what they wanna hear, go home and play their records. But when school start back, they gotta go back into their bag again, cause their friends and things gonna turn them away from it (the blues).

# KEEP

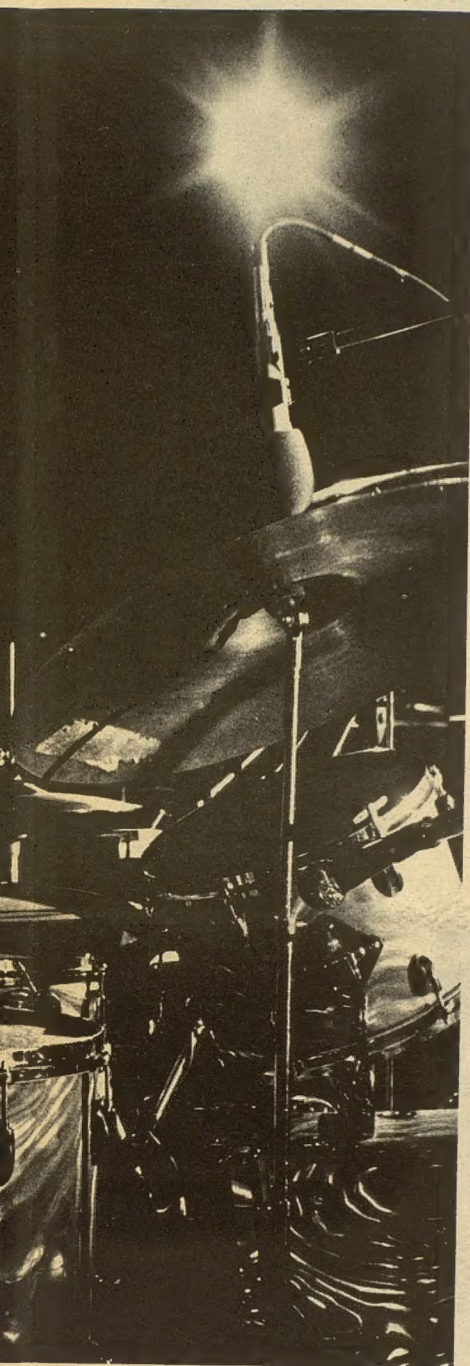


I spent the weekend on and off at the blues festival with a couple thousand other freeks gettin high on dope and the blues. Gettin back to where we once come from, though we might not have been exactly aware of it. . . gettin to the roots of our own culture, the Black blues singers from the Mississippi delta to Chicago South Side. (And where would Janis Joplin be today if it hadn't been for Big Mama Thornton? Big Mama Who? you say. . . )  
 The whole weekend was great, with some particularly high points. I flash on Junior Wells and Buddy Guy doing "Knock on Wood" together, on Howlin Wolf, on Big Mama (more on her later). And our midconcert surprise on Sunday.  
 I had just drunk some mescaline wine and was about to split for supper, when the asshole English MC who was forever giving us lectures on rules and money, told us there was this cat who'd just come to listen, who'd learned a lot from the musicians, and he's like to jam a bit with Luther Allison. . . **JOHNNY WINTER!** Superstar! Everyone flipped, naturally, piled up to the front, and waited for the entrance. Luther came on first. He was really apologetic, said well, I'm being paid to say this, but they told me to tell you they needed more money. (He somehow didn't sound too convinced that he was ever gonna see any of it). We all cheered him cause even in giving a play for the promoters, you could tell where he stood. (I wonder if he did get paid for saying it after that!)  
 Then the playing started, Luther and Johnny Smith's Blues Band starting out,

and Johnny Winter making a in the middle of the first set, was really far out, but it was far out to dig on the contr vibes that were going down. Johnny Winter and Luther Winter is an albino—he has white hair, he looks like he floats with the music, but w it sounds totally different. . . and strong. He's a pretty a He started out with "Sweet L and they took it from there. of a competition—not a host know, but Luther and Johnn were trying to outdo each othe Johnny would start a riff, would take it higher and mak Yeah. Let me describe Luthe  
 I said it was real contrast. Luther is a Black man, and he sings and comes across in a ferent way than Johnny. Do sound cliched, but he comes a and powerful and very real. dug him more—seems to op much higher energy level th and he really had people tu him. I talked to this girl wh next to me and she had fel way. Also it pisses me off like Johnny, who is white, w Black man's music, and get a and credit for it, while so Luther, who's been working life, and is, I think, a bette don't get one sixteenth of don't think that's what J really into that trip then—h



# ON KEEPIN ON



making a big entrance first set. The music at it was even more contrasts and the going down between Luther. Johnny he has transparent like his name, he but when he sings erent. . . real gritty pretty amazing guy. Sweet Little Angel" there. It was kind a hostile one, you d Johnny definitely ach other musically. a riff, and Luther nd make it his own. e Luther, cause like

trast. Black/white. , and he plays and ss in a totally dif- ny. Don't want to comes across strong real. I must say I to operate on a level than Johnny, ople turned on to girl who was sitting had felt the same me off that a man white, will take the d get all the profit hile someone like orking on it all his a better musician, th of it. But I what Johnny was then—he certainly

was trying, and he is real good.

OK. The other person I totally got into was Big Mama Thornton. I danced through her set putting all these things in my mind that I wanted to write about and now it's kinda hard. She's indescribable, outasight. . . a whole bunch of superlatives, and more. You hear Janis doing "Ball and Chain?" Hear Willie Mae Thornton. . . see if you can dig the original, one and only Mama of the blues. She was so beautiful, this big powerful woman with a funny pointed face and an incredibly powerful voice. She was like women I met in jail, laughing and jiving around alot, real tough. . . like I didn't think ANYONE, no man or woman, was gonna mess with her. She seemed ot be about winning or something! She also sang "Hound Dog," and "Little Red Rooster" and a song about offing a watermelon truck cause the watermelons cost too much. Wow. She put out so much enrgy and power that the whole audience was tripping on her. . . we were caught on her every word and note and notion. I really fell in love with her (if you can't already tell)

So that was some of it—I mean, one could write a book. . . people who were there probably have a lot of the same feelings and more. Another thing to get into if you're into the blues is Leroi Jones' "Blues People" which gives a whole musical/cultural/political histroy of black people in Amerika. . . and it all ties in. Sure got back to something that weekend anyway.

So, man looker here, this is what happen. You're different now. You're either with us or not with us at all. You can't stray along in school by yourself, you gotta have some friends. You gotta have enough blues first to make it. But in time maybe it will come back, really strong.

ARGUS: How do you relate to the black struggle in Babylon?

LUTHER: Well, you might say that the black struggle is almost an individual thing. Me, I think, I myself, you can do what you wanna do. In other words, if you wanna be poor and don't have anything, that's your thing—today, because you might not make two or three hundred dollars a week, but you can make enough to survive if you use that little bit right, you know. And it's not really a struggle because there's a lot of places you go, the world gonna end where they ain't gonna want to see the black face or the long hair. Period. So you know that's already here, anyway. That's the thing. But basically, the black man ain't never had nothin. And ain't nobody given him a chance. Your chance is yourself, the way I look at it. I ain't got nothin as far as a lot of luxury and stuff is concerned, but I got a family and I got a place to stay, a decent place to stay. I pay 115 bucks a month for rent. You know, I gotta pay my own light and gas and buy food, of course. And if I can't find enough gigs to support that, I go find me a job, you know, you can't do both, but you can set one aside if that one is not strong enough. Or you can combine em for a while, see. So it's a struggle, it's a struggle all the way on both sides, you know. But as for the black man sayin, "I can't make it," bein this that and the other, we been bein' all cut down from the time we been here. But the point is now don't worry about that part of it—think about what's gonna happen for my kids there in the future, you know. Lead him the right way. Don't tell him to be against you, you know, or the other guy. Tell him to try and come up and be with everybody. That's the only way it's gonna change. Like, you guys are young, you got a chance to even tell your buddy, the one that you just meet, your teacher or your father now, or your mother: we want it this way, this is our thing, this is our life. If I want to jump out that window, you're not supposed to stop me. That's my thing, you know. Your life has been lived.

ARGUS: Black people as a whole group are fucked over and how would blues relate to that?

LUTHER: Well blues would relate to that as a thing of people getting together. This is the whole scene if black people could get together, but he can't get together, it won't stand. Just like this shirt you got on here (Free Bobby Seale T-shirt), this thing is

trying to get together right, it's trying to build people to what they should believe in, what should be right, which I know I'm with him but I don't know the bottom of it. I don't know how he started it, I can't really think why he started, cause like I say, I've been in the entertainment business and I don't get much of a chance to be out there being ripped off by somebody other than the night club owner, and I don't have to be brave to walk down the neighborhood, cause I have my own thing see, but his thing which I am going to be able to relate to him through my blues. And I'm going to be able to like work in his category to bring more people into his organization. He say I like to book you to do the thing for the Panther Party. Naturally I'm going to advertise, I'm doing the thing for the Panther Party. Come on, you dig. So that means I'm not in the competition thing of his thing, but to the music I'm doing. I can dig it because it is a united fight. I saw it happen in Berkeley, they had the riots with the police. Well these people say join us right now—we are fighting the pigs. This is our campus man, these cats have no right here, but your life is on the line, follow me but don't get in there and panic, cause if you panic you're going to get everybody else in trouble, right? That's the way I feel about the whole black thing in general—you gotta unite cause one guy sure can't do it alone and that I know.

ARGUS: How many albums have you cut?

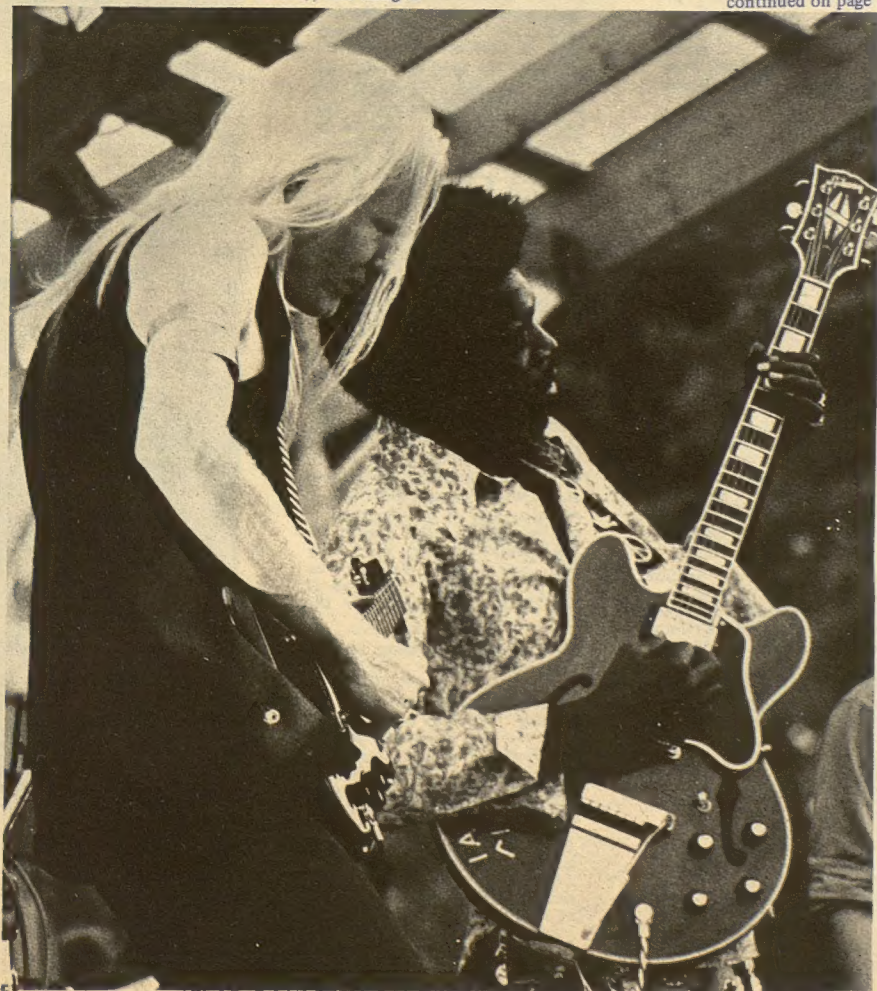
LUTHER: One.

ARGUS: Do you think that your music is getting exploited through the record companies?

LUTHER: I really don't know what to say on this thing. If you listen to the album, well as far as I'm concerned the album was bad, I was bad. But when you see me in person doing a set with the people other than isolated in a studio, then you see me and you hear me. On this album I'm with a small company who can't afford to hire the musicians that I need. It's more or less you what's gonna make me make it and getting known. In other words, getting my blues on the line is like B. B. got his on the line or Albert or Bobby Bland. I'm the one who is down there now, it's up to me. I can stay here where I am, I can go further or I can go back down. The way I do that is I gotta be good, you gotta dig me as a person first, then you're gonna dig me as a musician. When I relate to you, I can't get up there and make a good album, and when you see me on the street and say "Hey Luther what's happening?" I'll say "Forget it, I don't feel like talkin today." You don't want to hear that and I don't want it to happen.

ARGUS: Yesterday when you got done with your

continued on page 17





Mark: The authorities told me that all the prisoners are out of their cells all day.

Huey: I've been locked in my cell for one year and nine months at this prison. I came out for breakfast, lunch and supper. I have approximately one hour for each meal and during that time I must also arrange for towels, toilet paper,

clean clothing and take care of other similar housekeeping details. Also every prisoner is subject to a complete strip search at any time at the whim and caprice of any of the guards. That tends to rob a man not only of his time while he is out of the cell, but more importantly of his dignity.

Mark: What is the size of your cell?

Huey: It is approximately seven feet by eight and a half feet. I never did measure it.

Mark: Are the other prisoners locked up 21 hours a day?

Huey: No, the other prisoners are out of their cells from 7:00 AM to 10:00 PM. The reason that I am treated differently from the other men is that I refuse to "program"—to use prison administration terminology. I refuse to work without just compensation. Not just for me but adequate compensation for all the prisoners. Most prisoners here work six or seven hours a day. There is no compensation for most of the work but a few of the jobs pay from two cents an hour to ten cents an hour. You can only earn ten cents an hour after about five years of loyal service.

Mark: What is the nature of the work? Does the end product enter into the flow of commerce?

Huey: Yes it does. That's just the point. They make shoes not only for the inmate population but many of the shoes that are manufactured here are sold by contract to other agencies. There is a canning plant here. The prison institution sells the canned goods to other institutions and agencies. The prisoners, of course, make all of the license tags for California. They also make furniture for state buildings. The prison is a capitalistic enterprise.

It differs very little from the system used in the South where inmates are "farmed out" to growers. In those instances the growers compensate the state. Most civilized people agree that that system is abhorrent. Yet the California method is to employ the reverse system. The convicts are not farmed out; the work is farmed in. What factors remain the same? The convicts are still exploited by the state; the work still is accomplished; the state is still compensated.

There is also a textile plant here as there is at many prisons in the state. Clothing is manufactured here. Some is worn by the prison population; other clothing is sold on the open market. Deceptive labels are used by the prison so that the purchaser cannot tell that it was convict-made. See the label on the back of this shirt....

(I stood up and looked at the label on the inside of the collar.)

Mark: It says, "Washington Dee Cee Sanforized."

Huey: Yes. Well, this shirt was made at the prison. Various labels are put into the shirts depending upon where the institution wants to market them. I refuse to be part of that activity and that is precisely what their "program" is all about.

Mark: Did you make a specific proposal?

Huey: Yes. I demanded that each of the prisoners be paid the minimum wage. Of course, I recognize that we are provided with room and board and I proposed that an appropriate sum be deducted from our wages for the accommodations and service.

Mark: To whom was the proposal made?

Huey: To the Adult Authority.

Mark: They liked the idea?

Huey: They were wild about it. They rejected it at once. We are now at a stalemate. Each month I must attend the disciplinary court. They review my case. With some alarm I might add. The "court" is comprised of prison officials, the psychiatrist, the warden, the assistant warden, a lieutenant, a captain,

Huey: At that time we did at least communicate. They asked me, "Mr. Newton, have you changed your position yet?"

I answered, "No."

There would be a moment's pause and then I would ask, "Gentlemen, have you changed your position yet?"

They would reply, "No."

I would then inform them that while I would be available for further talks, they would have to accept my basic demands before any progress could be made. They saw the similarity with the Paris peace talks and that angered them. After awhile I asked to be represented by counsel at these meetings. They call them courts. Of course, they took the position that prisoners were not entitled to counsel. Recently there was a decision in New York State. Are you familiar with it?

Mark: The Sostre case?

Huey: Right. And it holds that prisoners are entitled to counsel. We need to get so many lawyers in here to represent the men at all stages. Lawyers for all the prison-

ally induced animosity between the black and white prisoners. We are, all of us here, natural allies. If we stood together we could confront our natural enemy—the prison authorities.

Mark: Have you communicated with any other authorities at the prison?

Huey: I have had some contacts with my counselors.

Mark: What is a counselor?

Huey: He's supposed to see that you are making progress, adhering to the "program" that has been prescribed by the administration. They call him my counselor.

Mark: But he really is their counselor.

Huey: Right. I was assigned to Mr. Topper. He is an ex-cop. He sits in on what they call "group therapy." Civil service workers who are employed in the laundry and the bakery sit in as leaders in the "group therapy" sessions. Quite unqualified. They develop into sessions in which the prisoners try to put each other down for the benefit of the counselor who also sits in. The counselors play it that way. They create divisions. The kind of honesty that is required for a successful and helpful session would be relevant among a group of friends or an encounter group. But in a group where the prisoners harbor great hostility toward each other, often created by the prison, it is a harmful experience. Often the prison authorities deliberately create racial strife. Again they use the racial split. As long as there is a racial fight it is not directed at the authorities. The authorities emerge above the battle. They enjoy the role of the referee. To get back to Topper, he goes about speaking with the prisoners who have been seen talking with me. He tells them that they will never get paroled if they are caught associating with me. Some men have been intimidated. Others, though, have not. A record is kept in their permanent file—in the jacket that goes to the Adult Authority every year. They place little items in there such as "He is Huey Newton's bodyguard" or "He is an organizer for the Black Panthers."

Mark: How do you know what is placed in the files?

Huey: The inmates control the prison as far as clerical work and running the plant is concerned. They run everything but the administration of the institution and, of course, security. As a result we have full access to the files.

Mark: Did you confront Topper with that information?

Huey: Surely. I felt that there was an evident contradiction. Here he told the other prisoners not to associate with me; he sought to intimidate them, and at the same time the same counselor, along with the program superintendent, told me that I should join the "program" so that I could have more time to spend



# HUEY from

with my friends. I told them that it was hypocritical of them to take one position to my face and another behind my back. Topper said that he wanted to prevent me from "spreading poison" to the other inmates.

At about noon Charles, who had ordered three lunches for us, suggested that we might sit in the sun and enjoy them. The box lunches each contained fried chicken, a couple of biscuits, a canned peach in syrup and cole slaw. Since the chicken was tasty I asked Huey if the food for the prisoners was generally that good. He said that it was not but that it was edible. As we relaxed through the lunch I asked Huey how the authorities could punish him if he committed an infraction since he was locked up so much of the day anyway. He said that he could be placed in solitary. Charles said to him, "But Huey, I saw you since then and you never told me that." Huey, nonchalantly continued his lunch, looked up and said, "Oh, didn't I. I thought I had mentioned it." It could not have been clearer that the punishment was of no matter to Huey. As long as any man was in the hole, Huey was also.

Mark: How did you finally conclude your relationship with the Adult Authority and your counselor?

Huey: The last time I saw them was the day on which I had just finished the 18 days in the hole. I report to the Board every year, and it was time to report again. They asked me why I refused to "program." I explained that I would not violate my integrity and my dignity as a man by participating in the exploitation of any human being, myself included. They asked me if I thought that I might be able to make some contribution to society. I told them that I thought that I could. Then they suggested that if I "programed," I could get out soon and make my contribution. I tried to explain to them that I could only make any contribution if I left the prison with my integrity intact. That if I was stripped of my dignity, then I would have no contribution to offer. I said that in the final analysis it would be better for me to leave prison after serving fifteen years with dignity than after serving two in craven servitude.

Mark: Did they ask you about your time in solitary?

Huey: Yes, they did. I had been sentenced to the hole for a little verbal altercation with a police officer. I had said that the officer was a habitual liar. He called me a son of a bitch, and I responded by calling him a mother-fucker, which seemed to upset him a bit. I went to the hole for 18 days for that. The Authority asked me if I felt good about calling the officer a mother-fucker. I told them that it did make me feel better after he had called me a son of a bitch. Then one of them said, "Well you







photo/LNS

# PRISON

went to the hole for it. Did you like the hole?" I explained that I did like the hole better than the other accommodations. Then they wanted to know if I thought that I was normal. I asked them to define the term; they felt somewhat challenged by the request, but were unable to offer a satisfactory definition. Next they asked why I preferred the hole. I told them that I did not have to concern myself about housekeeping duties in the hole, that I could read and think and write all day. I explained that a guard came along quite regularly and that he was polite and respectful. So many of the prisoners there are on the verge of slipping out of their minds that the guards do everything they can to keep the place cool. It's quite tense there for many of the men. The guard came to my cell and asked, "Mr. Newton, need any towels today, clean clothing or toilet paper." I told the board that I enjoyed the solitude and the service down there. And the absence of de-humanizing strip searches. In the hole you're just locked up and pretty much left alone. You are not being constantly harassed.

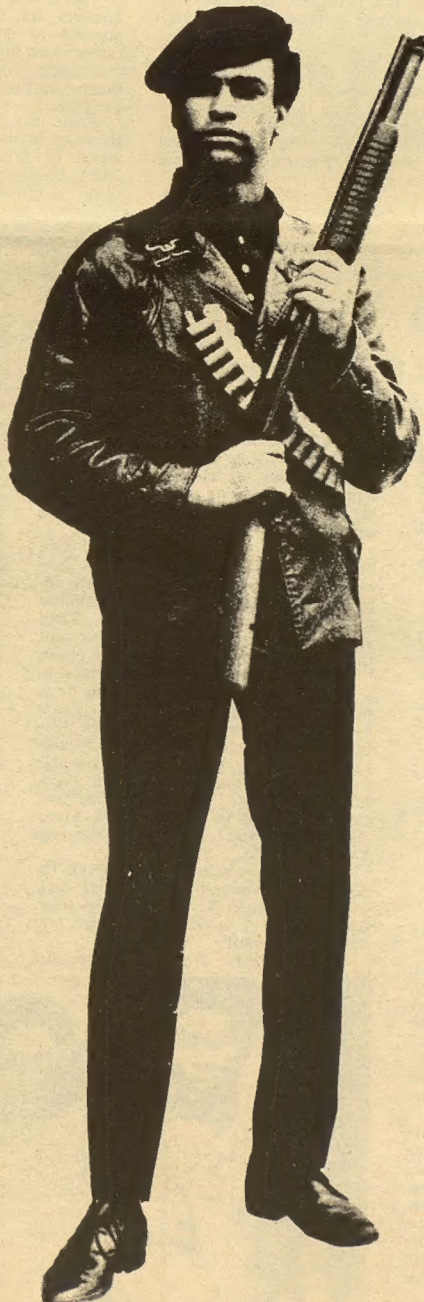
Mark: Did they ask if you were sorry that you spoke harshly to the officer?

Huey: Yes, they asked if I was sorry. If I thought that I had been immature by responding in that fashion. I agreed that both the officer and I had been immature. I said that I had been mature for a long time in their institution that was geared to crush a man's self respect and that in any event I had merely responded to the officer's provocation. They pointed out that I had first called him a habitual liar. I told them that since the officer was a habitual liar I could hardly be criticized for pointing it out to him. It was a serious flaw in his character which I thought I should call to his attention.

Mark: How do you feel about being isolated from the rest of the prisoners?

Huey: There are, of course, a few advantages to being in the main population. I could better organize there. However, there is a point being made by my being locked up in a cell. It integrates the theory and the practice. If the inmates here got the message they could close the whole institution down by doing nothing, by going on strike. Doing nothing is doing something

in a situation where you constitute the majority. If the racial conflict can be solved and consciousness can be gained that it is not to their advantage to carry on racial struggles but to unite against the guards and the administration they could stop the prison from functioning. They could win any reasonable demand, for the prison cannot run without the clerical work and the industries, both of which are carried on by the inmates.



feel that if he is sentenced to "from two to ten years" he is placing his future in jeopardy by not cooperating.

Huey: That's what they may feel, but that feeling is entirely unrealistic. In the first place they have to release them to make way for the new prisoners who are arriving all the time or else spend millions of dollars building new prisons. Actually, if the prisoners all refused to work they'd get released sooner. It would cost too much to keep them here under those circumstances. But to realize this it takes a certain amount of consciousness and organization. We hope to have that in the near future through the programs we will be developing.

Mark: What programs?

Huey: One of the first matters that I am going to attend to when I get out is the bus program. We will purchase a bus and take the parents of the prisoners and other relatives to the prisons. Many of the prisons are so far away from urban areas that families cannot afford to visit the inmates. This can have a disastrous effect upon the men. The buses will be integrated.

they are proud to refer to themselves as the "goon squad." Charles has suggested, jokingly, I think, that the politically aware prisoners might read Birch Society type books so that the squad would be misled into ripping off those books instead of the sane ones. Mark: What books are available in the library?

Huey: I was surprised to find so many worthwhile books to read. Of course they have very few by blacks, or about blacks. They have some classical works about the Russian Revolution. Deutcher's works, The Prophet Outcast, The Prophet Armed, and The Prophet Unarmed.

Mark: Just his works on Trotsky?

Huey: No. His work on Stalin also. Also some works by Fanon. They don't have any of your books. Could you arrange to have some sent to the library here? A couple each on the assassination and the Chicago convention and a few regarding Richardson.

Mark: Of course. Will they make them available to the men?

Mark: Do you have any messages to be communicated to the outside world, Huey, not that my outlets reach much of it?

Huey: Yes. Tell everyone you meet who may know me or who may care about my views on any matter that I want them to write to Governor Kirk, Tallahassee, Florida, and urge him to free James Richardson.

Mark: This is not the worst prison that you've been in.

Huey: Not so far as the physical plant is concerned. But that is relatively unimportant. It is a difficult place to organize.

Mark: Charles Garry told me that Eldridge spent one hour in solitary in the county jail in Oakland and that he later reported to a judge that after all his years in prison he had never been placed in a more barbaric, frightening and degrading situation. He said conditions there were worse than appalling.

Huey: Yes.

Mark: Charles also told me that later you were put in the identical cell and kept there for six months.

Huey: Yes. I did have a chance to do some reading there—but the light was so bad that I'm afraid I damaged my eyes.

Mark: Would you describe the cell? Huey: Not much to describe. It was just over six feet long and about four and a half feet wide. It had what passed for a bed and a toilet bowl. There was no room to move at all. The door was solid steel, there were no windows, and the only ventilation was through the crack under the door. There is a cubby hole in the door that

swung open. It too could be locked, and it was supposed to be locked all the time. But a couple of the cops liked me, and they would open the cubby hole door so that I could watch the news on television. It was all pretty much cloak and dagger, really cat and mouse I suppose is a better analogy, with the cops trying to relate to me on a human level and trying at the same time to keep from being caught by their superiors.

Huey Newton may be out on the streets again in a matter of weeks. He returns to active leadership just after Sen. John McClellan's investigations subcommittee had announced that there were 5,000 bombings in the United States in the last 18 months. The Nixon administration has formed an emergency task force to study the possibility of new regulations for controlling high explosives. But it is the mood of the people which is explosive and the administration cannot control that. Many of the leaders of the Black Panther Party have been murdered; many have been arrested without legal cause. Their bail,

or ransom, runs into millions of dollars. The recent statements by J. Edgar Hoover make it clear that the filthy war against the Panther Party will be broadened and deepened. The administration considers Huey Newton to be the most dangerous man in America. He does constitute a threat to their efforts to continue to hold onto what is not theirs, what never was theirs, but what they have come to believe belongs to them. Huey's safety must be guaranteed, and only the people can do that now. For those who love peace and for those who crave justice, Huey's leadership is crucial. He represents America's last, best hope for social change with a minimum of violence.

Mark: Of course, the inmate may

The families will get to know each other and through this effort we hope to begin to attack the racial conflicts. Organizers will give the families orientation talks on the buses. We hope to have regular visits, and the families will in all likelihood organize into a group, into a political force. The party members will organize this, but once the family units are meeting we will play a very small part. The parents and wives will have to have freedom to make their own decisions. Of course, the bus rides will be provided by the party without charge.

Mark: You've spent the last three years in jail, right?

Huey: Yes, this is correct.

Mark: In the course of our conversations in the last three days you have quoted passages from scores of books, some philosophical works, and recently published analyses of political situations. Since the rules here prohibit you from having any reading material in your possession that is not directly related to your case, how do you manage to be so well read?

Huey: Well, Mark, sometimes we break the rules a little.

Mark: Evidently, but how?

Huey: The other prisoners are permitted to be out of their cells until 10:00 P.M. Just before they are locked up several of them drop some books off at my cell. I read all night long, return the books early in the morning, and then sleep during the day.

The cops go home for the night and they leave just a skeleton force, one cop for each building. He is locked in the building himself. In order to get out he would have to make a phone call to control, a few blocks away. The cop doesn't want to go to the trouble of calling control, filing a report, waiting for someone to come over, unlock my cell and get the books. So I can read with comfort and impunity.

Mark: May I publish that?

Huey: Yes. The authorities assume that the prisoners who associate with me are highly political. Then they find out which books these men are reading; they confiscate the books and remove all copies of those books from the library. Mark: In other words the prison authorities, unable to determine for themselves which books are "political," permit the prisoners to make that judgment for them.

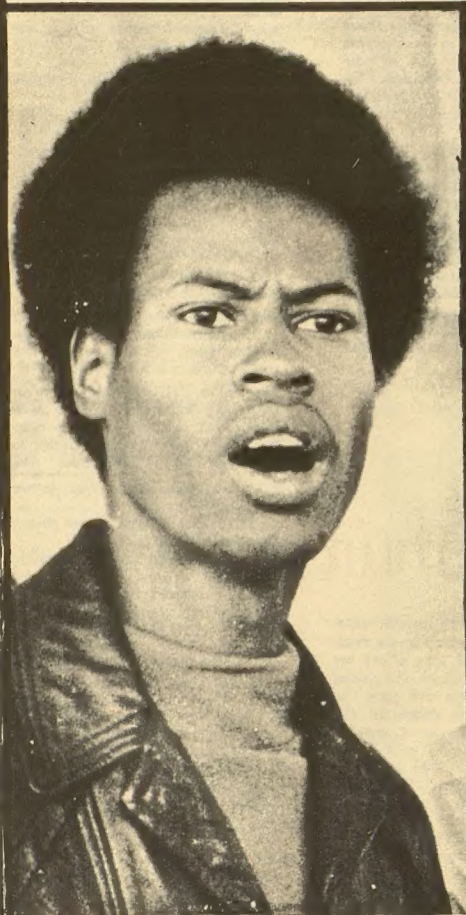
Huey: Right. All that they haven't done so far is to burn them. So far as we know that is.

Mark: Who takes the books out of the library?

Huey: A group called the "goon-squad." They are special guards, most over six feet six inches tall and well over 200 pounds. As to their mental state and emotional development perhaps you know all there is to know when you know that



# houston head hunt



Carl Hampton, murdered in Houston

HOUSTON, Texas (LNS)—Another young black leader has been murdered by police. Carl Hampton, the 21 year old chairman of People's Party II, Houston's revolutionary black organization, was killed by police snipers in a carefully planned ambush late Sunday night, 26 July.

Carl died in Ben Taub General, the local charity hospital, a few hours after Houston police, perched on a nearby church rooftop, shot him down in the street near the People's Party Community Center, located in one of Houston's largest black ghettos.

At least seven others were wounded in the battle that followed Carl's shooting, including other members of the People's Party and Barte Haile, a leader of the John Brown Revolutionary League (JBRL) a white organization allied with the People's Party and with MAYO, the Mexican Youth Organization, allied in Houston's "Rainbow coalition."

The ambush was laid as Carl spoke to a group of about 150 community people at an impromptu rally protesting the arrest earlier that evening of two young black men for carrying weapons. The group was trying to raise support and bail money to get the brothers out of jail.

While Carl was speaking, Ovide Duncantell, leader of the Central Committee for the Protection of Poor People, another militant black group, approached Carl and warned him that an unmarked police car was parked in a lot at St. John the Baptist Church, some 300 yards from the center. A few minutes later, more heavily armed pigs were discovered on the roof of St. John's Church. Carl told the crowd about them and two young men, armed with shot guns, went to see where the cops had moved in on the rally.

A single 22 caliber shot was heard, Duncantell said that "some fool" must have fired at the police; none of the People's Party members had 22 rifles, and the party's policy forbids firing on the police except in self-defense. So Carl and another man ran down to the church to check out the scene.

The cops opened fire. The first three shots hit Carl, two through the chest and one in the liver. The pigs knew who they wanted to get.

Most of the crowd dispersed as police gunfire continued, and the rest, including JBRL members, ran inside the center to get their weapons.

Four or five people ran out from the center towards the church, dodging bullets, to get to Carl. They hid behind a parked car as others, with guns, moved behind them. There was an exchange of gunfire, and Barte Haile of JBRL was shot in the arm.

Barte, bleeding profusely, ran back to the center, dodging police bullets all the way as they bounced off the

sidewalk. He was later charged with assault and attempted murder.

An unidentified man in a Volkswagen drove through a rain of bullets to rescue Carl. The car was fired on, and swerved away, leaving one man holding Carl over his shoulder. The man escaped with Carl, arriving at the hospital sometime after 11 pm, with Carl in very critical condition. The people remaining in the center, seeing that they were overpowered, escaped out the back. The injured were on their way to hospitals.

After the shooting was over, the cops entered the People's Party headquarters and tore the place up. Then they launched an attack on community people standing along the street a few blocks south of the center. The pigs swept down the street, beating and arresting everyone they could get their hands on. Police arrested more than 50 people, all black, except for one staff member of KPFT, Houston's Pacifica radio station. All were charged with loitering and with failure to move on. Many are still in prison on \$200 bond. Several more people were arrested that night in the area and charged with carrying pistols.

Hampton's killing was a shock, but not a surprise to Houston's radicals. If Houston's militant blacks had not armed themselves, Carl would probably have been killed the very week before. He had gotten into a verbal argument with two patrolmen who had tried to stop a Party member from legally selling the Black Panther paper. During the argument one of the cops drew a gun, and Carl responded by pulling out his own gun. The cop called for help, and there was a stand-off between the police and a gathering crowd of 400 blacks, browns and whites, some of them armed. No shots were fired, and the police were finally persuaded to leave.

The most stunning aspect of Carl's murder is the swiftness with which the Houston pigs have moved in on the People's Party. The organization has existed since February, but the People's Community Center has been functioning only for a few weeks.

The center was designed as an information headquarters for the community. People's Party also planned to coordinate several programs through the center—free breakfasts for children, clothing drives and community control of the police. The organization is much like the Black Panther Party in its structure and program.

There has been nothing like the People's Party in Houston before, and it is clear that the pigs want to return to those good old days. People's Party II and JBRL members are not trigger-happy romantics seeking death in the streets by provoking armed confrontations with the pigs. They have guns, they know how to use them, and they use them only for self-defense.

## soledad

### SOLEDAD BROTHERS

Max Row, "O" Wing, Soledad Prison, Monterey County, California, Ronald Reagan Land. The pigs see it as a "training facility," another rehabilitation center for unruly criminals and misfits.

Black prisoners see it as brutality, being fucked with on a minute to minute basis, and death. The food is often filled with crushed glass, spit, cleanser, shit and there is piss in the coffee and the prison officials laugh about it.

Black inmates hear racist cracks like "Nigger is a scum low-down dog." One inmate wrote, "The white inmates make it a 24-hour job of cursing black inmates for kicks, and the officials harass us with consistency also." The cursing from behind cell doors continues all day, every day, a constant drone which every once in a while causes a black man to break down, screaming or lashing out at his persecutors.

Fights between black and white prisoners are encouraged; the white dudes always get off but the black prisoners usually get life imprisonment or the chair for responding to vicious racist brutality.

Prison officials create scenes where white and black brothers fight each other and a black brother lies dead in a pool of blood. The toll rises higher and higher; the pigs frame and kill black political prisoners. Racism and Fascism unleashed to victimize the people.

A prisoner describes the murder of one brother: "A few days after my arrival an inmate by the name of C.C. was deliberately put in an exercise group with seven non-black inmates and he was deliberately and wantonly set upon and stabbed to death by three of those seven inmates while prison officials stood by indifferently and watched."

"Three other black inmates and myself were forced to stand helplessly by at our doors, locked in our cells, and watch it, shouting at the guards to break it up, but they stood by with tear gas guns and watched until C.C. fell into a puddle of his own blood. Then they shot tear gas."

Another murder took place when a prisoner refused to come out of his cell; he was teargassed until he passed out and then taken to an officer's area where he was called "nigger" repeatedly and beaten to death. Prison authorities termed his death "heart failure."

In the middle of January, 1970, thirteen white and black inmates were released into a new exercise yard after having had no exercise for months; racial tensions were at an all-time high. A white guard, O.G. Miller, who knew from experience that the black and white prisoners would fight each other, was stationed in a 13-foot tower nearby with a carbine. He is an excellent marksman.

Predictably, the inmates began to fight. Without any kind of warning shots, Miller fired four shots, three of them fatal to three black brothers and one injuring a white brother.

Why were these three black political prisoners assassinated? W.L. Nolen had been known throughout the prison as a tough man who had maintained his identity and his pride. Cleveland Edwards, in jail for the political crime of assaulting a police officer, had also been a visible black leader. Alvin Miller had been neither militant nor a leader, but he closely resembled the ranking Black Panther in Soledad, Earl Satcher, who was also in the exercise yard at the time of the shooting.

When the Monterey County Grand Jury held hearings to decide if charges should be filed against O.G. Miller, no blacks were permitted to testify, although whites were. Of course, Miller got off; no charges were brought; the murders were ruled "justifiable homicide." This honky Nazi prison guard in Amerika executes three black political prisoners and gets away with it! This is fascism, folks!

When the prison radio broadcast the Grand Jury's decision, a white prison guard was offed. He had been thrown down a 30-foot stairway in 'Y' wing.

The pigs have framed three black men, Fleeta Drumgo, 23; John W. Clutchette, 24; and George Jackson, 28, for the murder. They are known as the Soledad Brothers and they have been indicted for homicide.

The trial so far has been an excellent example of honky just-us in action. The presiding judge, Gordon Campbell, seemed like a West Coast version of Judge Julius Hoffman during pre-trial hearings in March, April, and May. He denied almost all defense motions and openly cooperated with the District Attorney. He told

spectators at one hearing to sit quietly and not act as if they were "at a barbecue table or the local pool hall." The defense was not permitted to cross-examine witnesses, and defense attorneys were forbidden to speak to the press.

The three defendants say they were nowhere near 'Y' wing when the guard was offed. This will be difficult to prove, however, since the state of California has complete control of the witnesses and evidence. Defense lawyers cannot interview witnesses because they have all been sent to other prisons and they cannot see the site of the murder because it has been structurally altered.

When the Soledad Brothers made their first court appearance in February, they were taken through one of the main entrances of Monterey County Courthouse so passers-by could hoot at them. They are chained at the hands, the waist, and the feet every time they appear in court.

In June, Judge Campbell consented to a petition by the defense stating he is biased; the case was then moved to Judge Brazil's courtroom. Eventually, the Monterey County Court freaked out, unwilling to face a heavy defense team, possible demonstrations and riots, and the exposure of pig justice. The Soledad Brothers' trial was moved to San Francisco, where they are expected to get a fairer, although not fair, trial.

The three prisoners were chosen for political persecution because of their convictions and the threat they pose. George Jackson, a well-read Marxist, says this about himself:

"I'm a very orthodox communist

(dirty, dirty red). I'm for materialism, dialectics, internationalism, women's liberation, full automation, welfare distribution, one party, standardized universal education, anti-military, "from all according to ability, to all according to need," free love (meaning, as far as I'm concerned, the breakdown of what we think of as the Family Unit.)"

The scene at Soledad Prison is becoming more intense every day. On July 23, a white guard was found stabbed near an equipment shed; a prisoner was found dead beneath his bunk a week later. These killings both took place in the North Facility, not a part of the maximum security section 'O' wing. 27 men have been taken from their cells, put in maximum security cells, and interrogated extensively for days. These 27 brothers will be fucked with just as the three Soledad Brothers have been; a few of them will be chosen for prosecution and then they will be convicted before they go to trial.

The Soledad Brothers will go on trial in San Francisco on September 21. The Man wants to railroad these three POLITICAL PRISONERS OF WAR to the chair just like he tried to do with Huey and is now trying to do with Chairman Bobby. We can't let it happen this time either. Free these shackled revolutionary brothers!!

Soledad Brothers Defense Fund  
PO Box 31306  
San Francisco  
CA 94131







# oh, chicago...

CHICAGO (LNS)—Thousands of black and white young people in Chicago stoned police, trashed cop cars, and broke windows of luxury stores in the downtown Loop area for more than five hours on 27 July, after impatiently waiting for a city-sponsored rock concert to get underway. Police at one point fired more than 100 rounds over and into the crowd, seriously wounding six people.

All during the hot, sticky day, people gathered at the Grant Park bandshell, scene of the biggest police attacks on demonstrators at the 1968 Democratic Convention. Under an upside-down American flag, boldly emblazoned with a marijuana design, around 75,000 freaks, blacks, greasers, and other assorted rock fans waited for the scheduled free performance by Sly and the Family Stone.

The concert was part of the city's Reach Out program, a roman circus set of entertainments and diversions during the summer to try to take kids' minds off the lack of jobs and their bitterness towards police and city officials. The kids had sat through an earlier concert content with wine, dope, and music, and the city thought it had a sure-fire solution for adolescent alienation.

When the late afternoon concert time rolled around, announcers in the true rock concert style kept promising that Sly was on his way, but since the group had failed to show at two previous Chicago dates during the last year, people were skeptical. Then Fat Water, one of the warm-up groups took the stage and a couple dozen people broke through barricades and joined them. Scuffles with the ushers broke out and some amplifying equipment was broken.

Then the police moved in, and the name of the game was war. They took a shower of bottles, called up reinforcements and shot gas at the retreating crowd. Three to four thousand people were active in the conflict, injuring over 80 police, some seriously. After an hour, half the original crowd was still around to watch and root. Gang Intelligence Unit plainclothesmen, Task Force Squad, and Canine Patrol forces supplemented regular cops. At least 165 arrests were made, and more than 40 young people were treated in Chicago hospitals.

Although as in any integrated scene in racist Amerika, there were some minor tensions between blacks and whites, the crowd was dramatically transformed when the police arrived. Blacks and whites—street freaks, greasers, short-haired guys recently out of the army—fought side by side. Black kids showed the way, the whites joined in, overturning and burning police cars and driving back waves of pigs with bottles and rocks. To judge from the slogans shouted, the battle took an increasingly political tone with the familiar chants of "Power to the People" and "Off the pig" being punctuated by sounds of crashing glass.

Pushed back from the band shell, the rock fans returned street fighters, faced off with the police across Balbo Avenue—next to the Conrad Hilton Hotel, another Convention landmark. Police defied orders and threw back rocks and bottles, breaking rank at times to charge with clubs swinging into groups of young people.

Around 7:50 pm, as police had been pushed back, their front ranks suddenly turned and opened fire. Some officers shot up in the air but others held their pistols firmly with both hands and fired directly into the crowd. "If you see any of them breaking windows, they're breaking the law...so shoot!" a high-ranking police officer ordered his men.

Over 100 shots were fired and when the smoke cleared sic kids—most of them black—were seriously wounded.

But the crowd came back. Several bands of hundreds of blacks and white swept into the Loop, running down State Street, "that great street", in a window smashing joyful rage that far outstayed the Weathermen's actions last October.

Park District President Daniel Shannon claimed the fight was premeditated by groups who wanted to break down what he called a new "camaderie" between the Daley administration and young people. The next day, Shannon cancelled all future city-sponsored free rock shows in the park for the ungrateful kids who wouldn't be pacified by that novelty in the capitalist entertainment world, free music.

## hot town, summer in the city!

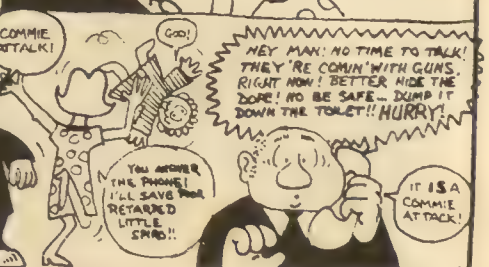
The shit hit the fan in Detroit for a week as the battle of Baldock Park escalated into outright war between the youth culture and the Detroit Tactical Mobile Unit pig squad. The pigs had been fucking with the people for weeks: closing down the park at 8:30 or earlier, busting kids on wine and dope, calling the kids names and other forms of petty harassment. The freaks and grease got together a resistance struggle against this honkulture pigginess by staying in the park after closing.

On Sunday evening 26 July, the Flash, a detroit people's band, played a free concert. They played for an hour until the pigs vamped at 7:30, pulled the plug and ordered everybody to split. This was the last straw!

The people got rocks and bottles together; the pigs were met by flying missiles as they tried to sweep the park. Twenty kids were busted that night, thirty the next night for loitering and shit—and fifty on Tuesday night, when the police rioted out of control. Scores of pigs charged the people in the woods and forced many up against a fence, beating them brutally. At least six people were hospitalized and seven people were charged with felonies (later all but one of these charges were dropped). Two seventeen year old women were approached by four pigs (men, of course) in the cell of the precinct station. The pigs searched their purses and then molested them, opening their pants and blouses, oinking "You're big girls, now."

One dude was dragged from his car and beaten when he held out his hands to be handcuffed. The pigs thought he was trying to hit them, so they broke his arms, hands and shoulders. Several beatings took place in the police stations following the riot. One freak was pulled off his friend's porch and beaten with baseball bat like clubs.

## OUT OF THE FRYING PAN AND INTO THE FIRE





Brothers

**I DIG!**

YEAH, AND WE HAVE ABOUT SIX FLUSHES WORTH OF STASH!

A cartoon illustration of a man with a large, prominent nose, wearing glasses and a suit. He is standing next to a door, looking surprised or excited. The drawing is in a simple, sketchy style.

WE'LL BOOBY TRAP THE  
HALLWAY!

...THEN, A SWINGING DRESSER FILLED WITH BRICKS!

OKAY!

...AND DON'T FORGET TO BE CAREFUL ON YOUR WAY BACK INSIDE!

...AND DON'T FORGET TO BE  
**CAREFUL** ON YOUR WAY  
BACK INSIDE!

**BONK**

**CLANG**  
duwuwuwuw

**HONK**  
HEY FELLOWS.

**TWEET**  
...DON'T...

**RIP**

DON'T FLOP  
**SPLAT**

DON'T FLUSH...

**CRUNCH**

DON'T  
FLUSH  
THE...

**ZAP!**  
**STASH!**  
DON'T FLUSH IT!

... ONLY ME!  
**TAP!**  
... ONLY ME!  
**TAP!**

WHY DO  
YOU GET  
AND UN  
EAT FOR

...DIRECT ME!  
**ZAP!**

**IT WORKS!  
IT WORKS!**



## THE PROGRAM OF THE WHITE PANTHER PARTY, JULY 4, 1970

We are living in a time of great change. The social order which has developed in the West since the Industrial Revolution is now obsolete. The conditions which have made the present mode of life necessary for the development of humanity have now changed, irrevocably, and we must address ourselves to the need for creating a whole new social order, a new economic system, a new culture, based on the new conditions now in effect on the planet: a highly-developed post-industrial cybernetic technology, the possibility of a post-scarcity economy, and the need for positive human planning on all levels so that the energies and resources of the planet can best be used in the service of all the people of earth now.

For the first time in human history since the Paleolithic we have the possibility of a post-scarcity world economy, which is characterized by an abundance of goods and services for all the people of the earth. This post-scarcity economy is now possible by virtue of the post-industrial cybernetic revolution and the technologies and human visions developed within the past twenty five years. Yet our technology is still being used to perpetuate an out-moded, out-dated, totally obsolete life-form—the consumer/war economy and the death-culture which supports it—because it is still being controlled by a tiny minority of the people, controlled and used by this minority to keep the people from realizing their full human potential and the full potential of their technology.

The natural development of humanity is still being held back by this minority class of "owners" who control the technology, the mass information media, the land, the means of production, the educational system, the government and its armies. In short the whole range of the means by which the people's needs are satisfied. In order to advance the people's interest, the whole consumer/war economy must be dismantled completely, to be replaced by a free world economy based solely on serving the needs of all the people all the time. This is the absolute minimum step which must be taken to bring freedom to the people of the earth.

We do not make this statement lightly. As the first wave of born-and-bred consumers we, the youth of the post-industrial world, have experienced first-hand the excesses and the emptiness of the consumer society, and we have rejected it as unfit for human consumption. We don't want it for ourselves, and we insist that our brothers and sisters all over the planet must not be subjected to this degradation either. We know what our modern technology is capable of, and we demand that it be placed entirely and directly in the service of ALL the people, not merely a tiny elite of a class of "owners" and exploiters.

We have seen the future—we ARE the future—and we know that it is not only ours, but that it likewise belongs to all the people on the planet. We know that the age of capitalism, competition, consumerism, and the class society is finished, and we demand total entrance for all people into the New Age of common wealth, cooperation, communalism, and the classless society which is now possible. We understand that modern electronic technology has enabled us to break down the artificial barriers between classes, races, cultures and nationalities so that we can now come face to face with each other on the planet as natural brothers and sisters. Everything belongs to everybody, and we all share a common interest, a common wealth and a common fate. We demand the end of the present control system with its consumerism and war and its death culture, and the beginning of a continuous human revolution based on the free exchange of energy and materials, the free passage of people and goods from place to place as demanded by the absolute needs of the people, the free use of the energies and resources of the planet and its people within the context of a free social order based wholly on the needs of all the people all the time, and the free development of a new life-culture which will give voice to the highest spirit of mankind. These are our most basic demands.

### WHAT WE WANT/WHAT WE BELIEVE

1. We want freedom. We want the power for all people to determine their own destinies.

We believe that we will not be free until all people are free, and that there will not be world peace until all the people of the world have their freedom. We believe that freedom means, first, the power of all peoples to determine and control their own destinies, in cooperation with all other peoples, giving full respect to the rights of all other peoples to control THEIR own destinies. We believe that the first right of man is the right to live, the right to bread for his children, the right to live by his own labors, and the right to have his own culture. And we believe that the western notions of freedom as "free markets," "free enterprise," and "free competition" are wholly out-moded, out-dated, obsolete and inimical to the best interests of the peoples of the earth.

We believe further that all oppressed peoples have the absolute right to national self-determination, and that they are not bound to recognize or respect the so-called laws of the oppressor. In this connection, we support the national liberation struggles of the black, brown, yellow, red and youth colonies on the North American continent, of the Provisional Revolutionary Government of Vietnam, the Pathet Lao in Laos, the Khmer Rouge in Cambodia, the revolutionary peoples of Thailand, Malaysia, Japan, and the Philippines, the Palestinian Liberation Front, all African, Asian and Latin American national liberation movements, and the struggles of all other peoples throughout the world who are fighting for their liberation from the forces of modern imperialism. We unite particularly with the revolutionary youth of the western world who are struggling with us to bring the New Age into being on this planet.

2. We want justice. We want an immediate and total end to all political, cultural, and sexist repression of all oppressed peoples all over the world, particularly the repression of women, of black people, young people, and all national minorities within the confines of the United States of America. We want the complete transformation of the so-called legal system in the United States so that the laws and courts and police and military will function only in the best interests of ALL the people. We want the end of all police and military violence directed against the people of the earth right now!

We believe that the American police, courts and military as they are presently constituted are used as instruments of repression by a minority "ownership" class against the revolutionary people of the earth; that they are the means by which the tiny "ownership" class manages to keep control of the world's natural and human resources; and that control of these forces must be removed from the hands of this minority class and placed in the hands of the people as a whole. We believe that sisters throughout the planet are subjected to specific kinds of sexual oppression in the roles that they have been expected to fulfill. We are determined to rediscover our true roles as whole revolutionary people.

We believe that laws, courts, police and military should be used only to defend the people against the usurpation of their lives, liberty, and common wealth by any minority group, and to keep the earth's resources and the means of production and distribution of goods, information and services in the hands of the people as a whole. We believe that all domestic troops must be kept out of the people's communities and that all international armed forces under the present control of the United States government must be recalled from their various outposts around the world, starting with Southeast Asia, and kept from interfering in the affairs of sovereign peoples throughout the world.

3. We want a free world economy based on the free exchange of energy and materials and the end of money.

We believe that the present world economy based on scarcity and consumerism is obsolete and must be abolished, and that it must be replaced with a free, post-scarcity economy in which all the energies and resources of the earth are held in common wealth and used strictly to promote the welfare of all the people on the planet. Only in a scarcity economy do people and goods have a price; in a post-scarcity economy everything is free for every body, energies and materials are exchanged freely within an overall world planning system based on the absolute needs of the people, and minority control of the earth's energies and resources is completely eliminated. We believe that money, or "currency," is merely a curious function of the scarcity economy which will disappear when the free economy is allowed to develop and flourish.

4. We want a clean planet and a healthy people. We want to eliminate all industrial and military pollution of the land, the water, the air, and the universe itself, and of the people of the earth whose minds and bodies are now polluted by the products and the propaganda of the consumer/war society. We want to restore the ecological balance of the planet and secure the future of humanity and its environs.

We believe that the present state of disaster on planet earth is a direct and inescapable result of the irresponsible capitalist system and the greedy conduct of the "ownership" class which controls that system. We believe that control of the planet's resources must be placed entirely in the hands of the people, who will develop new forms of energy and fuel, eliminate unnecessary jobs and degrading products, and stop the pollution of the planet and its people.

5. We want a free educational system that will teach each man, woman, and child on earth exactly what each needs to know to survive and grow into his or her full human potential.

We believe that the present so-called educational system in the west is merely a high-pressure training device by means of which the "ownership" class provides itself with adequately-trained workers for the various levels of its exploitative production system, from the high-school-trained factory worker to the college-educated manager, professor, general, manipulator, judge, prosecutor, insurance salesman, etc. We believe that the schools are also used to wipe out all creative and humanistic impulse in the country's youth population and replace them with the cheapest brand of materialism, the anti-human ethic of the consumer culture. We believe further that education is one of the most important and one of the most exciting functions and responsibilities

ties of the free society, and that all people should receive any education which will teach them to provide for their own needs and to determine their own destinies. A free revolutionary educational system is central to the development of a free revolutionary society. Once the people have to be fully informed and made fully aware of the possibilities open to them, they can truly have freedom of movement and freedom of opportunity. We believe that the free educational system of the future will go far beyond classrooms and teachers and textbooks and tests—it will include the whole universe and will make full use of the highest form of modern technology to bring all relevant information to all the people and teach them how to utilize that information for their own happiness and welfare.

6. We want to free all structures from corporate rule and turn all the buildings and land over to the people at once.

We believe that the land and everything on it belongs to no one but to the people as a whole, and that the land and any structures built on it must be used solely for the benefit of all the people. We believe that deeds, mortgages, leases, rents, liens, all of those things, are simply phony means of control through which the "ownership" class exploits the rest of the people. We believe that the actual and absolute needs of the people, all the people, must control the uses to which the land and the structures built on the land are put.

7. We want free access to all information media and to all technology for all the people.

We believe that the people must control the means of production and the entire technology of production, service and distribution, and that the people must control and have free access to the mass information media so they can control their own consciousness. We believe that the mass information media must no longer be used to propagandize the consumer economy, that it must instead be used to free the people from obsolete beliefs and values which are detrimental to their highest human development. We believe that the people's technology must be used solely to keep the people informed of all the possibilities open to them in the New Age and to help teach them how to realize those possibilities.

8. We want the freedom of all people who are being held against their will in the conscripted armies of the oppressor throughout the world.

We believe that the only legitimate armed forces are those which can only be defined as people's armies, that is, armies made up of citizen volunteers and patriots who are fighting in defense of their homeland against imperialist aggressor/invasors, or who are fighting for the national liberation of their peoples against oppressive mother country forces. We believe that all conscripted soldiers, particularly those brothers who have been ripped off from the black and south-eastern in the United States and forced under pain of imprisonment or death to promote U.S. imperialism wherever they are sent throughout the world, must be released from that service immediately and returned to their own communities, where they can join the struggle for the freedom of their own people.

9. We want the freedom of all political prisoners of war held in federal, state, county, and city jails and prisons. We want them returned to their communities at once!

We believe that the government of the United States and its various agencies and subsidiaries is presently carrying out an organized, calculated, wide-ranging program of political and cultural repression and terrorism against the people of the black and youth colonies of North America, and against all revolutionary peoples throughout the world. We believe that the thousands of our punishments, and imprisoned or exiled on phony charges such as marijuana possession, trespassing on the people's property, resisting illegitimate arrests, refusing to accept inhuman and illegal orders from government agents, etc. And we believe that these brothers and sisters must be released from their illegal confinement and returned to the people immediately.

We believe particularly that John Sinclair, Huey P. Newton, Bobby Seale, Ericka Huggins, the Panther 21, Timothy Leary, Ahmed Evans, Martin Sostre, Lee Otis Johnson, all marijuana prisoners, all draft resisters, all deserters and resisters of illegitimate authority within the mother country armed forces must be released from all jails at once.

We believe further that all American prisoners are political prisoners finally, since their "crimes" have been prompted and promoted by the insane consumer culture which teaches people to rob, steal, rape, murder, plunder and destroy as a means to personal power and property. Property itself is theft—the real criminals are the members of the tiny "ownership" class who have ripped off the land and its resources from the people's common wealth and who use their illegal power to keep the people from assuming full control of what is rightfully theirs.

We believe that prisons and jails have nothing to do with the "crimes" committed by their inhabitants, and that all prisoners should be released and given a chance to prove themselves as free citizens of the New Age. If there are "criminals" who cannot restrain themselves from harming other people, they must then be brought before juries of their PEERS and, if convicted, sent to real rehabilitation centers which will teach them how to live in the New Age.

10. We want a free planet. We want free land, free food, free shelter, free clothing, free music, and culture, free media, free technology, free education, free health care, free bodies, free people, free time and space, everything free for every body!

We believe that the only solution to the problems of the people of the earth now is through the creation of a free world economy based on the needs of all the people all the time, and that any social system which does not provide for the needs of all the people must be abolished and replaced by a free social order.

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and nature's God entitle them, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just power from the consent of the governed. THAT WHENEVER ANY FORM OF GOVERNMENT BECOMES DESTRUCTIVE OF THESE ENDS IT IS THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE TO ALTER OR ABOLISH IT and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.

Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience has shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But, when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evince a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, IT IS THEIR RIGHT IT IS THEIR DUTY TO THROW OFF SUCH GOVERNMENT AND TO PROVIDE NEW GUARDS FOR THEIR FUTURE SECURITY.

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**Before After**



On the night of February 25, 1970, Lefty Bryant and Greg Wilkinson were in the Santa Barbara county jail. That night, 10 miles away in Isla Vista, the local branch of the Bank of Amerika went up in flames, freacking out the whole country.

Street people, politicos, freaks, and clean-cut Golden Youth from the University of California at Santa Barbara had taken to the streets for the second night in a row. Fires were set everywhere in the town's business district, and realty companies, gas stations and stores were rifled with rocks and bottles. A few hours before the bank burned, hundreds of young people had literally driven the local police out of town with rocks. One cop car abandoned in the chase was completely destroyed by fire.

It was a mind-blowing thing for the Santa Barbara community, and the rest of the country as well—a bank BURNED DOWN by those nice, clean-cut college students?

No one could believe it—especially the fact that the burning appeared to be unplanned—a spontaneous reaction to continuing oppression, physical and emotional. The local power structure, however went to great pains to link Chicago 8 co-conspirator William Kunstler to the bank burning. The local pig press called the burning “mad, mindless anarchy,” and said that Kunstler’s afternoon speech that day had been inciteful and provocative. Before Kunstler even arrived in Santa Barbara, a Chicago newspaper headline proclaimed, “Kunstler Visit Sparks Riot.”

The “riot” in question happened the night before Kunstler arrived in Isla Vista, a few hours after Lefty and Greg were busted on the street—Lefty because he’s black and They All Look Alike and the police said they thought he looked like their suspect, and Greg because he tried to stop the pigs from ripping off Lefty.

A mass sit-in in front of the administration building brought outside police on campus for the first time, and 19 people—who just happened to be known radicals—were picked out of the crowd and busted for doing the same thing that 5000 others were doing (i.e., just sitting there.)

The arrests effectively intimidated the liberal student body into silence, and everything was quiet until February 25th. After the shit hit the fan, and the bank burned, conditions remained the same, nothing had changed, so it was not surprising that the people expressed their anger again and again throughout the school year. Two more attempts were made to burn the new temporary pre-fab bank structure, and an increasingly repressive response from the politicians and their goon squads radicalized previously straight/moderate students.

During the second attempt to burn the bank, I.V. II, sparked by the banning of Jerry Rubin from the campus and the entire county, one militant moderate, Kevin Moran, was shot to death by police (“accidentally”) as he used his body to shield the bank from another burning.

After I.V. II, a feeling of futility began to creep up on the Morans of Isla Vista. It became more and more clear to them that the “constructive alternatives” they talked about were practically non-existent. Violence vs. non-violence became a daily topic of conversation, but the old moralistic arguments were discarded for political pragmatism. The concept of revolution became for the first time a household word taken seriously.

In early June, just as everyone was preparing to cram in all the bullshit to regurgitate during finals, I.V. erupted again. Seventeen people were indicted by the county grand jury for burning the bank in February. Among those indicted were Lefty and Greg, who had been in jail at the time.

Bob Langfelder was picked because he had initiated the Santa Barbara Resistance two years ago; Emily DeFalla and Ricky Fisk because they were known from the “19” bust and had been framed on firebombing charges during I.V. I.

Walt Chesnavich, also one of the “19,” spent the evening of the bank burning in Goleta, several miles away. No one is really sure why Walt, a second year graduate student, was selected originally for the January bust. . . except maybe the pigs are getting uptight about

having chemists in the movement: As Walt said later, “I didn’t get to see the flames of the bank, but I watched from a couple miles away as a beautiful red glow spread over the sky.”

The other seven, Bill Hoiland, Rob Jorgenson, Marc Rubald, Chris Sherman, Shane Thomas, Norm Roberts, and Sam Broyles, in many ways served the same function in the Bank of Amerika 17 as did Lee Weiner and John

Froines in the Chicago 8. They were all relatively unknown, and their arrests served to remind the rest of Isla Vista that you don’t have to be a politico to be fucked over—and it can happen here.

As one of the 17 (who obviously must remain anonymous) said, “None of us are guilty, but if we were we should have been given medals, instead of indictments, for burning that fucking bank.”

The D.A. admitted that his plan had been to try the fifteen during the summer, when the population of I.V. was depleted and those remaining would be too wrapped up in surfing to pay much attention. But since the begin-

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Lefty and Greg’s bust was nothing new in Isla Vista—it was just one of the more blatant instances of the pigs’ long-standing harassment of Isla Vista residents. The injustice was too much to ignore, and the people expressed their anger for the first time, out in the open, when the first fires were set and the first rocks thrown.

When the bank burned down the next night, police harassment was only one of the many reasons that the people were angry. The bank was burned because it was the biggest capitalist thing around, because it represented the power that students and street people lacked, in their own community, in “their” university, in Amerika.

It wasn’t difficult for persons familiar with the political scene at U.C. Santa Barbara to understand why students had “turned to violence.” Only a month before, the biggest mass peaceful demonstrations in the history of the campus had taken place—around the very liberal issues of student power and academic

freedom. The incident which finally woke up the previously apolitical and apathetic campus was the firing of Bill Allen, a politically and culturally hip anthropology professor. Allen was fired by his department and given no reasons except informal innuendoes from senior faculty saying that he “acted too much like a student.”

Allen became the focus of the demonstrations because his firing represented an affront to youth culture/lifestyle and radical politics. The outrage later displayed in the bank burning began with the Allen demonstrations, because the 7000-plus students who supported him believed for a while that their demands would be met. But they weren’t. All the students asked, like good niggers, was an open hearing to discuss why Allen had been fired. But the administration was too threatened by the truth, and refused to budge.

Because their pictures were already on file with the pigs, it was easy for the D.A. to show their photos to the state’s witnesses and assume that since all blacks and longhairs look alike, he would get his chosen suspects. His choices were blatantly political; even the most superficial investigation would have revealed that Lefty and Greg were in jail the night of the 25th. Several days after the indictments had been issued, the D.A. finally realized the indefensibility of his position and recalled the indictments of the two.

His “evidence” is no better on any of the other indictees, either. But the fact that many of them were known politicos made them once again the targets of pig repression.

Greg Knell, the former Associated Students’ Vice-President, had been suspended and removed from office for a quarter as a result of his arrest with the “Santa Barbara 19,” the alleged riot-inciters of the Allen demonstration in January. Despite the fact that Greg has witnesses who saw him being turned away and refused entrance into Isla Vista at the barricades that night, the same witness who “positively” identified Lefty as throwing a molotov cocktail in the bank saw Greg push a burning dumpster into the bank, igniting it.

Jeff Woodstock, at that time the City Editor of El Gaucho, the campus newspaper credited with “fomenting much of this year’s anarchism and destruction,” didn’t get to see the bank burn, either. He was in the newspaper office all night, trying to put together a story for the held-over edition of the next day’s paper.

The grand jury issued indictments for fifteen people, then added two John Doe warrants for “white males” just in case they happened to miss someone the first time around. The fifteen had little or nothing in common with each other, except for the fact that they were all freaks and they had all been arrested before during on-campus or Isla Vista demonstration/riots.

ning of the trial three weeks ago, after Judge Westwick’s refusal to grant a continuance until September, there has been total support from the I.V. community. The courtroom has been packed daily, and even the halls of the Superior Court building are filled with freaks who could not get in to stand in the back.

When the prosecution opened their case Friday, August 7th, it became obvious that their tactic, since they lacked any concrete evidence against the eleven actually facing trial (2 had charges dropped and 2 split) is going to be to so inflame and anger the jury that any longhair will be seen as a potential bankburner. The first move was to try to introduce a tape, ostensibly recorded inside the burning bank, which even the prosecution admits does not include the voices of any of the defendants. This was ruled inadmissible in open court, but the prosecutor is now trying to do the same thing with some irrelevant film footage.

Since the eleven are grouped in a mass trial, it is very difficult for the jury to distinguish each individual as anything more specific than “one of them.” The prosecution is playing on this feeling of mass identity. During their opening remarks to the jury, when the prosecuting attorney charged the eleven with being guilty of all kinds of assorted things, including “creating a mess” in Isla Vista, one of the defense lawyers won an objection on the grounds that the defendants were not being charged with creating a mess.

It is no longer necessary for the radicals to point out the absurdity and hypocrisy in American society. Pig Nation demonstrates that absurdity and hypocrisy every day, through its “trials” where blacks, chicanos, poor people, and young people are railroaded through the courts to the jails, the work camps, and ultimately, as for Bobby, to the electric chair. The trials of the Chicago 8, the Panther 21, and the Bank of Amerika 17, like all political trials, are being used to attempt to stifle dissent, rebellion, and revolution. But instead, Pig Nation has succeeded only in backing up the words of revolution with concomitant repression.

We will not be intimidated into silence by the Hoffmans, Madigans, and Westwicks of Pig Amerika. The new bank will be finished just about when the trial of the Fifteen is over . . .



## LUTHER CONT'D

set, you were wearing a Free Bobby Seale shirt, how do you feel about Bobby getting railroaded?

LUTHER: I don't feel like he should be in there, all this other stuff that's going on is just because of something he believes in. I haven't thought anything about it except somebody offered me the opportunity, I guess as an honor, to wear this shirt. What the heck, you can buy a shirt of Nixon, you can wear a shirt of the Mayor of the city if you want. The idea of this is if people see it, then it is propaganda for the Panther Party, and they can dig it cause they see that the ones they want into their Party is the young ones, the ones that are wearing the shirt.

ARGUS: Do you think the Black Panther Party is right on?

LUTHER: Well like I said, if I knew something about the doggone thing then I could give you my opinion about it.

ARGUS: You've never come into any contact with the Black Panther Party?

LUTHER: If I did they never said "Luther I'm one of the Panthers, man, I'm one of the Party." That's the way I look at the entertainment thing—he is separated in essence, he can't be involved in one of these situations unless he is performing for the Party, and something goes wrong and he is in the middle of it so naturally he has to fight his way out of it. And you're not going to join a fire, you're just going to get out of there—just like you or anybody else if you are not into it, you don't even know what the fight is about. Somebody is going to swing on you, right, you don't know if it is a Panther or one of the state's boys. So what are you going to do if you don't know what's happening? Say somebody come up to me and say, "Dig man, I'm in the Panther Party." Far out, nice to know you, now I can find out some information on what the Party is for, what it is doing.

ARGUS: Do you think that more politics will start getting into the blues?

LUTHER: I think they will. I think blues is expecting this. It's not a cat out there hollering about "Come on, we're going to dance and we're going to be seen," blues is a listening thing. We're going to get out here and we're going to join and tell some for real stories. We're going to let these kids listen and educate themselves through music.

ARGUS: Did you start the blues in Arkansas?

LUTHER: Basically. I used to rake a broom wire, you know, two bricks, a broom wire and a bottle.

ARGUS: What are your plans, to keep playing the blues?

LUTHER: I keep playing the blues as long as I can be supported, other words, as long as I can make a living right now, if I ever make a living, nothing advanced so I know I'll keep playing the blues. But if I have to go along on the top of the table and whatever's on the table I've got to settle for that. I never know what I might do. If I was by myself I could say right away, but I got a family. I'm in for what it's worth, all the way.

ARGUS: Do you plan to cut any records?

LUTHER: I'm planning on going with Polydor. That is what we are doing out here. They want me to do a variety album. I could go like Clarence Carter or do a hard rock thing like Jimi Hendrix or I could go into a progressive jazz thing or do a blues thing to sound like B. B. King in some spots who is it, who is it for real. Every blues cat is like every jazz cat, you can get far out or you can mingle along the line. But at the same time you have to be thinking the same way as far as the music is concerned. Music in everybody can be a little better or a little worse. But lyrically who is going to tell the true story or who is going to get up there and recite something they heard?

ARGUS: Like there is a lot of exploitation going on in the music scene with all the pig corporations. There is a band here in Ann Arbor called the UP and they made their own record—recorded it and everything—and they're not going through that whole trip of signing with companies and having the companies make more money than they would. If you ever got something set up like that would you do it?

LUTHER: Sure I would do that, and that would give the opportunity to give small name bands a chance cause these big guys won't hardly do it. Like myself for thirteen years, I've been up there with Jr. Wells, Freddie King and all these cats, I learned right up in with these cats. I've known guys who never devoted nothing to music, then boom over night they make it. You can get out there with a good tune with a good beat and boom, you're on American Bandstand. But how long does it last?

ARGUS: Until they make their money.

LUTHER: Right, then they buy Cadillacs and go home and lay back and sleep.

ARGUS: That's what's happening to all these groups. Man, they're getting exploited by all these punk capitalists and really getting fucked around.

LUTHER: That's right. It's a whole different trip,

see, you done made the money off the people who supported you into the thing, but then you are so far from the people you have to go to a different category—with the limousine out front, you dig, "Put out the white rug I'm coming in." But I don't want it, I can dig having a Cadillac as much as I go. A big car gonna hold up from here to Peoria. Like I had a '63 Ford and in one year's time I put about 20,000 on it from Peoria to Chicago. I could dig having a Cadillac but now I need a bus more to put all the equipment and a hot plate and travel across the country and play the blues for the people.

ARGUS: Have you ever played at any rock festivals?

LUTHER: Basically a lot of festivals. Here the feeling is not generally toward the blues cause you've got ten rock groups to one blues group. So where are you, what am I doing here? But there is going to be somebody out there who is going to dig the blues.

ARGUS: Have you ever been asked to play for free?

LUTHER: Oh yeah, that's one of the big trips I went through in Chicago for eight years. I'm thinking about doing some free things once I get some equipment and a bus and just do some free things, I could dig it. I could dig it, the people got me goin now, all over the country, the people helped me, without you I couldn't have did it, without the Ann Arbor Blues Festival. I might be in Chicago today waiting to go to a \$15 gig.

ARGUS: Ann Arbor was the first festival you ever played at?

LUTHER: Yes. Last year was better for me than this year simply because I worked all three days. This year I worked one set. Of course it was better for me in that way because I didn't get as tired, but I met more people in the festival last year. I got closer to the people and got them to know me as a guy who was into my blues, but this time they never saw me but one time and they said "Is this guy for real?" But the ones who know me know I'm for real. So now they got to sit out there the rest of the day and put their cards together and think, did the cat look good or did the cat look imitated? What I'm speaking of is, when is it going to come through is what I want to know. The only way that it is going to come through is on an album where people can hear me and then come see me. This way they have to come see me first, and they might catch me when I'm feeling good or when I'm feeling bad, I don't know. However, I'm going to be trying to do my best to make them like me, cause I'm one of the upcoming guys who might want to help you, if I get a chance, wherever you might be, or if we ever run across each other again, who knows?

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# RIVER CITY REBELLION

LAWRENCE, Kansas

As police cars with lights out closed in on the Afro House in East Lawrence's black community, Rick "Tiger" Dowdell, a black student activist whose life had been threatened on various occasions by Lawrence police, knew it was time to leave. He asked Frankie Cole to drive him to a friend's house. As the car pulled out, the two were immediately followed by several squad cars. Trying to get back to the Afro House, Frankie overshot an alley. Rick jumped from the car, heading down the alley, and was shot in the back of the head by patrolman William Garrett.

Earlier that evening, Thursday, July 16, there had been several incidents of gunfire in the East Lawrence black ghetto. A white woman had been shot in the leg, and the police reported sniping at nearby New York elementary school. The Afro House, long a target of police harassment, is in the same neighborhood. The police had headed there, supposedly following two 'suspicious' blacks.

Several nights of street fighting followed Dowdell's death. On Friday night, Lt. Williams of the Lawrence police dept was shot in the chest while patrolling in the black community. Meanwhile in the freak community people were shooting out street lights, turning on fire hydrants, starting trash fires and throwing rocks and bottles at police whenever they showed up.

By Monday night, the situation was still escalating. Police were now equipped with complete riot gear including flack jackets. Early Monday evening, a fire hydrant was turned on and police came, dispersed the crowd, and shut off the hydrant. Later, a Volkswagen was turned over in the middle of the street, ready to be burned as a barricade when the police returned.

This time, without any warning or hesitation police charged up the street towards the crowd of 300 people, opened up with tear gas and then began to fire .00 buckshot indiscriminately into the crowd. People scattered. One person fell. When others tried to aid him, they

were driven back by more tear gas. Nick Rice lay bleeding and dying on Oread Avenue, shot through the head.

As usual, police later claimed that it was sniper fire that killed him.

\*\*\*\*\*



MURDER ON OREAD AVENUE

Last Spring, black students at Lawrence high school presented a list of demands to school officials, asking for greater participation in school activities, black history courses, and black instructors. For the second consecutive year, their demands were rejected.

When the young black community demonstrated at the high school, they were dispersed by police using clubs, tear gas and mace. That same night, the Kansas Student Union burned — causing \$1,500,000 damage. The town was put under curfew with national guardsmen called in by Governor Robert Docking.

For the following 3 days, the white student community mobilized in support of the black community and in defense of their own turf. The three days resulted in property trashings, burnings and over seventy arrests.

While those arrested for curfew violations were going to court, the Lawrence Liberation Front was organized as a center of radical activity for white youths, and the Afro House was established as a center for militant blacks. These two new organizations served as focal points for the mobilized energy of the town's growing movement.

Six days after Dowdell was murdered, Lawrence's officialdom held their coroner's inquest. In a courtroom filled with black people and freaks, the all-white coroner's jury ruled justifiable homicide. The judgement was made after the testimony of four cops, one ex-cop and Kansas Bureau of Investigation laboratory technicians had been heard. County Attorney Daniel Young refused to allow Frankie Cole, the only non-white, non-pig witness to the murder, to testify, claiming that she had to surrender all of her fifth amendment rights to do so.

On the next day, three hundred white street people marched from Oread Avenue on the University of Kansas campus through the downtown area as a memorial to Rick Dowdell and Nick Rice. An hour later, three hundred blacks also marched through the downtown streets bearing Rick's coffin, drawn by a farm wagon and two ponies. While the marchers were showing their respect for the two murdered youths, the town of Lawrence, Kansas was having its annual sidewalk street sale and sidewalk bazaar — 'bigger and better than ever....'

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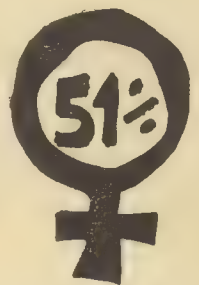
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4  
SETS!



Not everyone can find a good teacher of practical street self-defense. It is best to learn with a teacher and a book as a guideline. However, if you cannot locate someone who can give you a four to six month quickie course, then pick up a copy of Bruce Tegner's **COMPLETE BOOK OF SELF-DEFENSE** (a 21 day course; Bantam paperback, \$1). Tegner was taught judo as a child by his mother and father, and at seventeen was the youngest Judo Black Belt in the United States. He has written many books on the art of self-defense, but I have found the **COMPLETE BOOK OF SELF-DEFENSE** to be the simplest and easiest to learn from. It deals with street situations, whereas many of his other books are formalized for those who wish to study for proficiency status ratings. Tegner has written books specifically for women, but they are not as thorough. His teaching method combines Judo, Karate, and Aikido into JUKADO, a technique that he created. Anyone can learn it. You do not have to harden your hands or even develop

# Self-Defense for ALL Women

your muscles. Rather than learning tricks, it teaches types of defense that work against several different attacks.

If you study from a book, you must practice with a partner at least one hour a day. The only way to learn this is by **DOING** it.

Your body must react spontaneously and quickly. Kicking is your most useful defense. If you are fighting in close with a man, your immediate reaction should be to knee him in the groin. Many men teachers will tell you not to do this, because it assaults their own

**Bullshit!** Anyone who is fighting dirty to begin with. Always follow this up, if possible, with a toe kick to his knee. If you are not wearing shoes, use the ball of your foot rather than your toe. Another useful defense is stepping down sharply on the top of his instep. This is particularly devastating if you are wearing chunk heels. However, if you are wearing sneakers or sandals, come down on his instep with your foot at an angle.

Use the edge of your flattened hand when striking your opponent. The exact area to use is between the bones of the wrist and the little finger, without hitting wither bone; your hand must be slightly cupped so that you are hitting with the fleshy cushioned part of the hand. Practice on a tabletop. When you strike correctly, you may feel a stinging sensation but no pain. Fists are good for clenching in salutes, but not that effective for fighting.

Be sure that you are hitting your attacker in the proper nerve areas. In a man is close in, use the palm of your hand to push his

head back from the chin. Another effective action is to use your thumb and thrust it quickly up under the man's chin. This is painful!! When using chopping blows, always hit with a sharp, quick blow, like an elastic rubber band springing back. This gives your blow much more force and your attacker will not be able to grab your arm. Using your elbows in a quick outward thrust movement toward your attacker's stomach is another defensive measure.

If someone tries to strangle you always bunch up your neck by placing your chin against your chest, so that he cannot get a strong grip. Yelling is also a good diversionary tactic. If someone comes at you from behind, always turn to see who it is. You must know your attacker to defend yourself!

Remember, the only way you can learn a spontaneous reaction is by doing it. No amount of reading a book or looking at diagrams in the Rat will give you that trained inner confidence you will need in order not to freeze when attacked! **PRACTICE!**



Fig. 1 Opponent grabs you from the front and pins both of your arms.



Fig. 2

Fig. 2 Drop back with your right foot, simultaneously thrusting both thumbs to opponent's groin. (This should cause opponent to react by moving his waist back, thus giving you more leverage for the next move.)



Fig. 3



Fig. 4

Fig. 3 Drive your right knee into opponent's groin as your left hand grabs his right wrist and right hand keeps his head from hitting your head.



Fig. 5

Fig. 4 Immediately kick with the knife-edge of your right foot to the inside of opponent's left knee.

Fig. 5 As you plant your right foot, (which could very easily be changed into a shin scrape and a right heel stomp to opponent's instep) strike forward with the heel of your right hand to opponent's chin.

## disneyland

### Part 1

Little girls and boys looked up at their parents, confused, unhappy. The colorful balloons clutched in their tiny hands became mere artifacts, for the Good Time was over. Disneyland was closing early.

### Part 2

A group of about 300 Yippies had carefully selected the colorful and gala Wonderland as the site for a "Yippie Day" celebration of the equally colorful and gala atomic bombing of Hiroshima.

The drug-crazed dissidents marched down Main street USA and into Frontierland, kicking out the jams with an acapella version of the Mickey Mouse Club song.

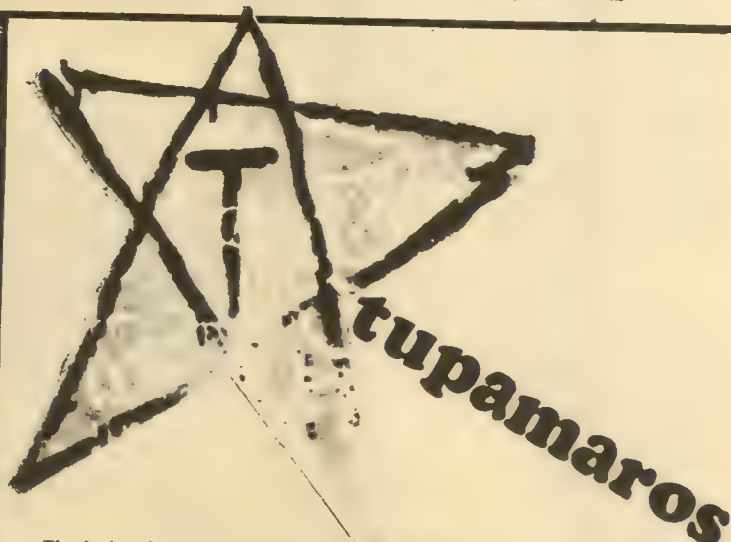
Seizing the time, the Yips overran Tom Sawyer Island, scaring off all the tourists. The flag of the People's

Republic of North Vietnam was flown over the island's fort. Also displayed to good advantage was the Yippie flag, bearing a marijuana leaf.

A large number of police officers and other undesirables made an appearance, rather inappropriately groomed and attired in uniforms, helmets, and facial shields. They carried long clubs, and their belligerent presence boded ill for the carefree land of Disney. Applying unreasonable and unreasoning force, they evicted the Yips, arresting 12.

### Part 3

"It is unfortunate for a lot of young people who have long hair, but a very small group forces us to draw this line," said Jack Lindquist, a Disneyland official, announcing that Disneyland would ban long-hairs and impose "really tough grooming standards".



The body of Dan A. Mitrione, chief American police advisor to Uruguay, was found 10 August in an automobile parked in a Montevideo street. Eleven days before he had been kidnapped by the Tupamaros, a left-wing revolutionary group receiving world-wide attention for their well-planned strategies of urban guerilla warfare.

Mitrione was driving to work 1 August when Tupamaros crashed a stolen station wagon into his car. They packed him off into a third car and zipped away. On the same day, the guerillas failed in attempts to capture two other U.S. officials, but succeeded in ripping off Aloysio Mares Dias Gomes, second secretary to the Brazilian Embassy to Uruguay. Heavily armed policemen and soldiers blocked roads and halted cars in a futile search for the kidnappers. In a note to the newspaper El Diario, the Tupamaros said that Mitrione had undergone emergency surgery for a gunshot wound in the chest but that his condition was not serious. It was not made clear when or why he received this wound.

On 7 August, Dr. Claude L. Fly, an American agricultural expert, was kid-

napped. That day, the Tupamaros demanded the release of about 150 political prisoners held by the government in exchange for the release of the hostages. Uruguay's government maintained its policy of refusing to deal with the guerillas. On 8 August it was announced that Mitrione would die at noon the following day. Guerilla couriers bore two letters from Mitrione to his wife. The letters asked her to appeal to the Uruguayan Government to bargain for his release. It was clear, however, that the government would not negotiate.

Shortly before dawn on 10 August, Montevideo police found Mitrione's body in a parked car, shot twice through the head and covered with a blanket. The car had been reported stolen a few hours earlier. The police advisor's wrists showed signs of rope burns, indicating that he had been bound while held by the Tupamaros. The blood was fresh.

The Tupamaros are still holding Fly and Gomes. The free mobility and excellent planning of these guerillas have established them as a serious threat to the security of the U.S. dominated Uruguayan government.

Ann Arbor August 19 1973



# goose lake



Over 200,000 dope-crazed rock and roll maniacs came together at the Goose Lake Pop Festival put on by Dick Songer and company last weekend in what was the biggest gathering of the people of Woodstock Nation ever held in Michigan. This was probably the "most successful" pop festival in our recent history: Although nearly 160 brothers and sisters got popped outside the park for dope, there were no pigs inside the park and hence no big mass arrests and beatings of the kind that happened at Cincinatti. All the bands came and played on time, there were no murders, no serious injuries, there was water to drink most of the time and food for those who could afford and eat it. In short, we survived Goose Lake.

We survived Goose Lake. 200,000 of us came from hundreds of miles around to pack into Goose Lake Park (which got pretty small by the time we all got there) to hear some music, take dope, eat, drink, fuck, and sleep and we lived through it all. Most of us could go home and tell the folks we had a "nice time." But there was no *magic* in the big rock and roll carnival at Goose Lake, no history made except that we had all been there in one place for awhile and lived to tell of it. 200,000 of us together there for 3 or 4 days, but we didn't really *do* anything, we just sort of made it, we just sort of got blasted, and we just sort of went back home from our little vacation to keep on doing whatever it was we were doing before we left.

Musically, Goose Lake was nearly identical to every festival held anywhere else this year. The stage at Goose Lake could just as well have been at Toronto or Atlanta or Cedar Springs or Miami or Cincinatti the same "big bands" were featured here that were featured every where else. Jethro Tull, Mountain, the Small Faces, John Sebastian, Ten Years After, the New York Rock and Roll Ensemble all came to do their little 45 minute shows of their big hits, pick up their \$10,000 and \$20,000 and \$50,000 checks, and leave to play yet another pop festival someplace, anyplace, else. The local bands that did play at Goose Lake were whisked quickly on and off stage during the day so as to leave plenty of time for the big stars to come on at night under the big spotlights when they would have most of the crowd's attention.

Russ Gibb and the Goose Lake stage management showed a total disrespect for the bands and music that make up this most alive and beautiful rock and roll scene here in Michigan. Killer sets by the Brat, the SRC, Brownsville Station, the Stooges, and the UP brought enthusiastic responses from the people and in some cases the bands had the people on their feet and dancing throughout their entire performance. But backstage, the Goose Lake stage people and Gibb were busy cutting the time of the Michigan bands' sets in violation of their contracts, insulting them, and rudely telling them to get out of the vast backstage area completely when their sets were over.

The on-stage production at Goose Lake was as close to a slick Hollywood/TV performance as the promoters and stage managers could make it. Separation between the people and the big "stars" on stage was complete: the massive crowd stood watching "their" bands on the big stage off in the distance and every effort was made to make sure the people never even got close to the musicians. In front of the stage was a large paved strip that the promoters called the "neutral zone" (some of the people referred to it as the "DMZ") that was off-limits to everyone save the press and the people making movies of the big affair for the Goose Lake Management. Separating the neutral zone from people was a huge double fence that the people called "The Berlin Wall"—a ten foot high chain link fence with barbed wire and electrified wire on top and backed by another solid fence made of wood.

The people's indignation with The Berlin Wall came to a head during the masterful set by the Stooges on Saturday. When Iggy Stooze tried to climb the fence to mingle with the people he was roughly grabbed by several burly security guards and thrown to the pavement of the neutral zone. Almost as punishment for the Stooges' violation of the unholy no-people-near-the-bands rule, the power was cut off several times during the set. Outraged, the people began to shake the fence and it looked like the thing was going to come down. At the insistence of several people who were able to get close to Dick Songer, half of the wooden fence was later taken down by the Goose Lake workers.

Aside from the big "trippy" slide at Goose Lake, there was nothing for our people to participate in. There were no guerilla theater groups, no newsreel films, no classes in How to Start a Commune or How to Smuggle Dope or How to Cook Good Food—everything was geared to total non-participation and separation. We were just supposed to sit back and watch the big stars on the one big stage and trip out and wave little torches and have a "nice time." What could be a fantastically huge cultural experience has been cheapened (at Goose Lake and at every other big festival) into the lowest and most blatant form of TV and movie-theater type entertainment.

Despite the large amount of p.r. that the Goose Lake people put out about all the planning and preparations that they had done before the festival, they were clearly not equipped or ready to handle all the problems that 200,000 people living in one place for a weekend presented. The promises that were made about cheap food and free food just never came true for the large part, as the "good food" that was supposed to be supplied to Open City turned out to be hot dogs and other such skunk, and not enough of it to feed even half the people.

The water situation was not too bad, except for



Friday afternoon when the water pumps broke down and had to be replaced leaving no water for most of the park until Saturday morning.

There were no efforts to control the dope situation at Goose Lake, and this was perhaps one of the biggest bums. Although there was lots of righteous weed and mescaline and LSD available in the park, pig/control drugs were everywhere too—people freely sold bogus THC, downers, smack and speed. One of the most blatant abuses of our drug culture was carried out by some people selling hits of speed—these chomps had a few sets of works and would hit you up with the same needle that they used on who knows how many other people with who knows what diseases, all for one dollar. There were plenty of wierd vibes and bum trips from all this shit being peddled in the park, but the Open City people did an admirable job in handling the worst cases.

The question is, as always, what can we *do* about all this shit? The Goose Lake festival made lots of money for Songer and his people (\$50,000 at the very least) and they intend to have lots more. At the first Goose Lake festival last weekend the Detroit/Ann Arbor STP coalition gained a number of concessions from Songer and friends that we hoped would give our people some degree of control over the festival and give Goose Lake more meaning than just another place to hold huge pop-star extravaganzas for the promoters' profit. But clearly having a few people's hands on the bill and giving our people 10 minutes a day to speak from the stage and using Goose Lake for benefits occasionally is not enough. If we are truly concerned with our culture and our people's welfare we are going to have to get a few more things straight with Songer et. al. We don't want or need any more festivals like the last one and, more important, our people won't stand for it.

If there are going to be festivals at Goose Lake where large numbers of us gather it is everybody's business—these things must be done right and it is our community's responsibility to see that they are. The situations and problems that were botched or ignored by Songer and Gibb and company are things that we can and must deal with if they are to be handled properly. The STP Coalition and the Ann Arbor Tribal Council have at their disposal groups and individuals that have experience booking bands and staging concerts, dealing with drug problems, and feeding large numbers of people. Our knowledge and experience have been more than proven at our free concerts, at our benefits, and in our community services. In short, we know how to deal with our own culture and our people in an efficient and meaningful way—we can do what Songer and Gibb don't know how to do and haven't done at Goose Lake.

We propose that a committee of people be set up by STP and the Tribal Council to deal with the Goose Lake situation. STP and the Council should be paid by Goose Lake to promote and produce the entire event. We are the only people who can do the job righteously and this must be acknowledged by Dick Songer and his people. We simply want to look after the welfare of our own people and we will work in a spirit of full cooperation with Songer and whoever else calls upon our people to support them and the events they finance.

It cannot be overlooked that now that the first Goose Lake festival is over Governor Milliken and Attorney General Frank Kelley have gotten into the pop-festival act in attempt to garner support for themselves as election time gets closer and closer. It is a typical politician's trick to use the drug issue in an attempt to oppress our rising new culture. Milliken and Kelley, feigning shock at the "open drug use" at Goose Lake, at first said they would put a stop to our festivals altogether. Then these two tricksters said they would allow our festivals to continue—but only if there is *no drug use allowed*.

This latest political ploy is just another attempt to send police into our gatherings so they can bust some heads in the holy name of "law and order." Milliken and his pals, choosing not to try the clearly unconstitutional method of destroying our culture by outlawing our gatherings altogether, are now trying to scare us with their pigs and their courts. Our message to these chomps must be clear: **WE WILL NOT BE FUCKED WITH!**

We can take care of our drug problems, thank you. Even mad Milliken himself has admitted there is nothing wrong with marijuana—we know this and we know the real problem is with the smack and speed and downers and bogus THC in our communities and at our concerts. If Milliken and Kelley and their buddies are concerned about drugs they should start dealing with the problem by first leaving marijuana users alone and then by helping us deal with smack and speed and that shit as the political and medical problem which it is. But while the government continues to oppress us with its ridiculous marijuana laws and allows the mafia to bring smack and speed into our communities, it is obviously bullshitting about its concern for the drug problem.

It would be a serious mistake for every body concerned to let another pop festival like Goose Lake's first happen again. But if Milliken and Kelley et al think we are going to let their pigs police our gatherings *they are CRAZY!* All Power to the People! Life to the Life Culture—Death to the Death Culture! Build Woodstock Nation!

Ministry of Culture  
White Panther Party





"To risk all means that, having risen in the mountains, the fighter must wage a war to the death, a war that does not admit to truces, retreat, or compromises. To conquer is to accept as a matter of principle that life, for the revolutionary, is not the supreme good."

—Regis Debray—

In San Rafael, California on 7 August, armed struggle was used to free three revolutionary brothers—James McClain, William Christmas, and Ruchell McGee. Their liberator was Jonathon Jackson—brother of George Jackson, who is one of the Soledad Brothers unjustly accused of the murder of a prison guard.

Jon Jackson entered the courtroom, pulled out a 32 pistol and said "This is it, freeze." He then tossed a pistol to James McClain, dynamite to William Christmas, and pulled out an automatic carbine and said, "We do not intend to hurt anybody, so don't move."

Jon Jackson then ordered all the court officials and jurors to put their faces to the floor. Brother McGee then forced a guard to go to the holding cell and free the other two brothers.

The dynamite (really road flares) was held to the judge's head; then a sawed off shotgun was taped to the judge's neck.

They then took the prime pork, prosecutor, and three women jurors as hostages to insure the escape.

The judge was made to call the county sheriff and say, "I'm in the courtroom, there are three armed cons in here." James McClain then grabbed the phone and said, "You're going to call off your dogs, pig. We're going to get out of here, call them off now."

Out they went—with five hostages—armed pigs were in the corridor, and a

sawed off shotgun was at the judge's head. The sheriff told them, "Take it easy, everything is going to be all right boys." A good story—until their backs were turned.

A photographer from the local pig press walked out of the elevator—and into the barrel of two guns. "Take all the pictures you want," one of the brothers said. "We are revolutionaries, and we have been unjustly accused. We want our freedom."

"We want the Soledad Brothers freed by 12:30 today!"

As they came out of the building, they received a short burst of fire—they returned the fire.

Backing three hundred yards across to the van—freedom? The hostages were forced in first. James McClain was driving, and headed slowly out of the parking lot—freedom—and toward the expressway.

"I saw what happened," said a coroner, Richard Fontain. "The van came out slowly, a San Quentin prison guard raised his 30-30 rifle and fired at the driver, then again. The van then lurched to a stop. I heard what I thought to be a shotgun go off and a bright flash came out of the rear window."

The shooting stopped, blood-thirsty pigs ran to see their prey—bleed for justice. The back door was opened first and a blood-drenched woman juror fell out.

The judge's head was half blown off and his black gown of "liberty and justice" was soaked with blood.

Brother James McClain, Bill Christmas, and Jon Jackson lay slaughtered — McGee bleeding to death.

It was an act of revolutionary violence—we call it love for the people. Right on.

"If you don't believe in lead, you're already dead." —Huey—

i got murder in my heart for the judge

## TAILED AGAIN

**YOUNG LORDS NEWS SERVICE—**  
On Tuesday 11 August, Cha Cha Jimenez, former chairman of the Young Lords Organization, failed to appear in court to be tried for actions stemming from an urban renewal meeting last year. Attempts to investigate by the Young Lords Organization revealed that two men had assaulted the person with whom Cha Cha was staying at 3AM that morning. When that person regained consciousness, Cha Cha was gone. His whereabouts are unknown.

The case that Cha Cha was fighting today involved urban renewal in Lincoln Park. Over 8,000 families have been moved out of the community in recent years. Cha Cha, along with other members of the community, protested the city's vicious attempts to push poor people out of the area in order to build expensive housing for the rich. During

this meeting, Cha Cha was singled out and arrested because he was the Chairman of the Young Lords Organization and opposed the racist policies of the city.

During the last year, Cha Cha has been continually arrested and harassed for his political work. Numerous people in the community had planned to serve as witnesses for his defense; they had been present when Cha Cha was arrested on the trumped-up charges. Cha Cha has more charges pending than anyone else in Cook County. Cha Cha had made it clear that he intended to fight all his cases. There was a very good defense to show that the state was attempting to frame him through false evidence.

Cha Cha is a political prisoner. A political prisoner challenges the very foundations of the power structure. Cha Cha was arrested because his ideas and actions challenge the state at its roots—challenge its power to repress, exploit and murder. The free health clinic that the Young Lords had established is a threat to the state. Their free breakfast program provides food for children who generally go to school hungry. These programs are in conflict with this capitalist society, which is based on profit rather than serving the needs of the people.

Cha Cha is a revolutionary, and therefore an enemy of the state. Whoever took him had to have a very good intelligence network—one with the complexity of the Chicago Police Department. Our overriding concern at this time is Brother Cha Cha's safety and well being. The Latin community and the Young Lords Organization hold the Chicago Police Department responsible for insuring that nothing happens to Cha Cha.

**FREE CHA CHA!  
FREE ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS!  
ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!  
HANDS OFF THE LORDS!**

### SUPPORT PEOPLE'S PARTY II!

#### CARL LIVES!



YOU CAN RUL A REVOLUTIONARY.  
BUT YOU CANT KILL THE REVOLUTION

Carl Hampton, Chairman of Peoples Party II, a black revolutionary group with platform and program similar to the Black Panther Party, was assassinated by Houston Police snipers on July 26.

The commercial media has accepted the police lies about the shooting. Space City!, Houston's radical paper, has published a detailed account of the murder, including a history of police harassment of PPII. (Available from Space City!, 1217 Wichita, Houston Tx 77004.)



"CARL LIVES" poster, 17" x 22"  
(\$1 in advance) and  
"The Spirit of Carl Lives" buttons  
(\$5.50 each) available from:

PEOPLES PARTY II  
1310 Isabella  
Houston, Tx 77004  
(713) 523-6152

Brothers and sisters,

Los Siete de la Raza and Soledad Brothers are sponsoring a National Rally on August 19 in San Francisco, California. We feel that it is very important for all progressive people to support the struggle to **FREE ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS!**

To this end, we are asking that as many groups and organizations as possible come to San Francisco on August 19 for this rally. It is important to show solidarity with the Black and Brown brothers who are presently victims of Fascist oppression in Amerika.

If your group or organization is not able to come to this rally, we urge you to organize a local demonstration and rally in your area on or about August 19 in support of the Los Siete, Soledad Brothers, and All Political Prisoners.

The pig press has tried to keep news about the Los Siete and Soledad Brothers from reaching the people. If you would like more information or materials, please fill out the form below and return it to Los Siete de la Raza, 960 Guerrero St., San Francisco, California. Phone (415) 626-9090

Name of group or organization \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Phone \_\_\_\_\_  
We can attend rally—yes \_\_\_\_\_no \_\_\_\_\_ How many \_\_\_\_\_ Housing needed \_\_\_\_\_  
We will organize a local demonstration—yes \_\_\_\_\_no \_\_\_\_\_  
We would like more materials \_\_\_\_\_ Poster/fact sheet \_\_\_\_\_  
National Rally leaflet \_\_\_\_\_ Soledad Brothers info. \_\_\_\_\_  
Enclosed is \$ \_\_\_\_\_ donation for legal defense

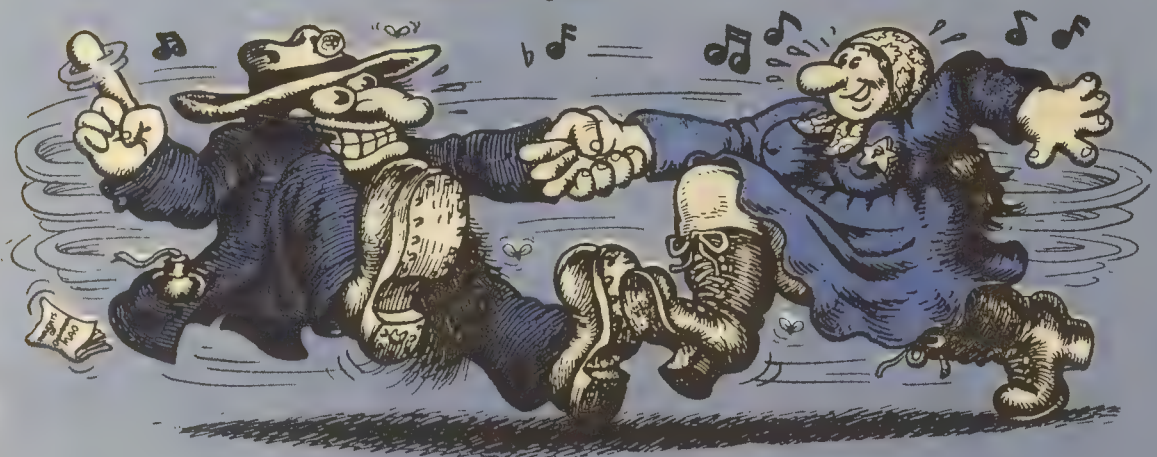


ROCK<sup>AND</sup> REVOLUTION!  
TOM ★ HAYDEN  
SPEAKS!

“AMERIKA”

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doors open 7:30pm ~ show starts 8:00

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Belmont & John R. Detroit

admission \$1.50 Sponsored by the WHITE PANTHER PARTY



# ANN ARBOR AROL IS OTHER HALF

Savage Rose



Johnny Winter

Kenny Burrell



Jimmy Smith

## "BUT IS IT JAZZ?"

By Pat O'Donohue and Thomas R. Copi

No one was really sure what would happen at this year's Newport Jazz Festival. While the winds of change have been swirling through the music business for the last fifteen years, only an occasional breeze ever wafted across the Festival Field in this normally staid New England resort town.

But this year the festival's producers chose throw open the shutters and let the cobwebs fall where they may. Head producer George Wein, whose piano style and taste relate to the period when jazz was incubating in clubs on Chicago's south side, following its long arduous journey "up the river from New Orleans," has never been a fad of what he would call "current musical fads."

Even in the field of jazz itself, Wein wrote in the festival program that "the avant-garde movement... is going nowhere." Although he did admit that "the better rock kids have the enthusiasm and the drive that many young jazz musicians seem to lack," he was still hung up: "But is it JAZZ?" was his anguished cry.

Anyway, this year's festival included many facets of the current musical scene. But it seemed, in the end, to skip the question "is it jazz?," which was sort of a good idea, since this question really only hangs up George Wein and a few of his friends.

But the Newport Jazz-Pop festival did provide some musical information. It showed the influence of traditional jazz music on current rock, and, more importantly, displayed the different approaches of the old and the new.

Here are some of the basic differences: The older performers [in terms of association with the jazz "mainstream"], such as Dave Brubeck, Gerry Mulligan, Kenny Burrell, Miles Davis and the Newport All Stars, have a mastery of their instruments. Their concern is to communicate to the audience through their instruments. Some are more tightly-charted than others, but they all play the standard, recognizable musical forms known as "jazz." The younger, newer performers, like Jeff Beck, the Savage Rose, Ten Years Af-

### KILLER FESTIVAL ISSUE

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Plus: Atlanta, Saugatuck, Newport Folk, Film & Record Reviews. Read on.





Jethro Tull

Led Zeppelin



# The Newport Jazz Festival

ARGUS, PAGE EIGHTEEN





Bill Evans



Gerry Mulligan



Miles Davis

The Newport Jazz Festival  
photographed by Thomas R. Copi

ter and Jethro Tull, in general do not know their instruments as well, but don't seem to worry much about it.

They communicate in other ways with the audience. You might call it showmanship.

But whatever it's called, it represents a different kind of thing. While a performance by the Buddy Rich orchestra might bring a crowd to its feet in response to the music, in appreciation for the artistry displayed, it is much more of a casual relationship—a First The Performance, Then The Response—type of thing.

The rock groups [Led Zeppelin is a good example] require audience response and participation as a part of their performance. If they can't get the response needed through their music, they may resort to frenzied activity to evoke what is really necessary for their "act" to succeed.

\*\*\*\*\*

The audience at Newport was divided into two camps: The first came to hear "jazz," and have been coming to Newport

for years. Most of these look askance at the acid-rock music that was included in this year's festival. The others were drawn to Newport by current "name" groups like the Mothers of Invention and Blood, Sweat and Tears.

These two factions in the audience were not very compatible. Only a few performances by a few rare performers unified them in appreciative response: John Mayall, the "Grand-daddy" of British rock and roll, even in this day and age, who puts on a show heavily weighted with the rhythm and blues that formed the roots of latter-day rock. Bluesman B.B. King, who really is the King of the Blues these days, was simply appreciated for what he is, [a damn fine musician] and what he represents—the roots of both jazz and rock music. Although he has been featured at previous Newport Folk Festivals, this was his first performance at the jazz festival, and further served to illustrate the breadth of musical offering at Newport this year.

Roland Kirk was something else again. Kirk plays a saxophone, a manzello, a stritch, plus various whistles and gongs, sometimes

simultaneously. He plays with such abandon, with such an involved sweatingsnotingblowingscreamingtearingjumping frenzy, that people just have to react. His orgasmic activity is so much more effective than the staged antics of Led Zeppelin, that groups like the latter simply can't compare, even though it's allegedly their bag.

The only other group that evoked as strong a response was Sly and the Family Stone. They also are a group that features movement, with their jumping and shouting and general merry-making on the stage.

Although some of the response Sly got at Newport might have been a result of the release of a whole day's pent-up emotion on the part of the crowd, which was numbered at upwards of 40,000 [with the field seating a maximum of 22,000], the circumstances don't tell the whole story. For Sly has left the audience emotionally exhausted in such relatively cramped quarters as the Ford Auditorium in Detroit.

In any event, people on the outside broke through the fences, got inside and rushed to the stage. Their activity caused Wein to open the gates in an effort to "cool it" and up-

set Newport city officials enough to cause them to pressure Wein into cancelling the scheduled premiere of the Blind Faith set for the following weekend.

Outside Festival Field, people set up campsites in technically illegal places, drank wine, smoked dope and dug the music. With the exception of a few dope busts and a few bottles of wine being emptied on the lawn, people were not hassled by the cops.

And, depending on your point of view, there was little trouble. The Newport Chief of Police claimed that his full force was never called to the ready, gas was never mentioned and the fences were all repaired within 24 hours.

Wein had to pay a \$10,000 fine for late hours and extra security duty but it really didn't hurt his pocketbook that much.

In fact the only victim of the festival was the "mixed-bag festival" experiment, because jazz and pop are the wrong bags to mix in a traditional jazz setting like Newport.

Wein said he'll never do it again and that decision will almost certainly gladden the hearts of the dwindling number of jazz fans and probably pop fans as well.





One cop to another while the pepper fog machine was being primed: "These damn pepper fog things are temperamental. Once you get it on, you can't hardly get it off." Um-hunh.

## diddyboppin' at denver

By W. REXFORD BENOIT

Denver. 1200 miles in 20 hours with six people and a 2-year-old baby in the car. 1200 miles and the tickets weren't waiting for us when we arrived.

We had called twice from Ann Arbor. We talked with someone we thought was a big-shot, but he wasn't. Only in charge of ticket sales for the Denver-Boulder area. The lesson is: DEAL WITH THE MONEY. ALWAYS. The money is the power in pop.

Of course, we had to learn the lesson quickly. Almost too late, since the money invariably has an unlisted phone and a recalcitrant answering service.

In this case, the money, unlisted phone and answering service all belonged to Barry Fey, promoter extraordinaire and sometimes old lady [as we shall see later].

Difficulties were insurmountable Friday so we missed Frank Zappa and the rest of that evening's concert. Saturday morning, Fey assured us that there would be tickets at the gate. There weren't. But someone else let us in.

Roughly 2,000 kids remained outside, unwilling to pay \$6 to hear the music that sprang from them, and, of course, was rightfully theirs. They sat on a grassy knoll at the south end of the Mile-High stadium, taking in the jams, until the Denver cops ordered the sprinklers turned on.

The kids, most of them no older than 17 and all of them beautifully militant, began to throw rocks and bottles at the cops inside, manning the south gate.

Out came the gas, and fortunately it was only CS. But the cops had apparently not read the brochures with the gas cannisters because they managed to gas the upper rows of seats and almost all the concession girls inside bit the dust.

A few of the guerrillas outside went down, but very few.

And so it went for another two hours.

Meanwhile, the stand had emptied onto the field, and Fey took the stage to announce that the show couldn't continue unless we went back to our seats.

A maintenance man told some cops: "I was just doing my duty over there. I got gassed and now you want to club the hell out of me."

By 9 o'clock, Fey had opened the gates and all were inside. Johnny Winter had already played, mostly off the tempo, forcing his drummer to lose the beat. Credence Clearwater closed the night with their biggest hits, but that seemed to satisfy the crowd.

Our day had been a success because we had taken a drive in the magnificent Rockies.

On Sunday, everyone did the same number again. On went the sprinklers, out came the gas, and down went the concession girls. Tear gas is fickle and answers to the winds, which blew it inside the stadium in greater quantities than Saturday.

One cop to another while the pepper fog machine was being primed: "These damn pepper fog things are temperamental. Once you get it on, you can't hardly get it off." Um-hunh.

The Rev. Thelephus Rollins was singing "only the pure in heart can get to heaven," while clouds of gas drifted as high as the third tier of seats.

Then, 3 Dog Night, which had been called back after tearing it up Friday. They got a big welcome, and did some bang-up songs, and at 8:57 Fey relented and let everyone in again.

"The only place for anyone is inside," Fey told us. "God bless everyone here; God bless Denver; God bless the whole world..." he added, profoundly relieved that the fucking stadium hadn't been torn down.

Only Hendrix was left, and we wondered if we were going to see the gods-at-play, or a flesh-and-blood musician. An electricity in the air had nothing to do with music, but portended a riot.

Hendrix squelched it. By being like a bitter, old man. "We saw some tear gas. That's a sign of the third world war. Just make sure you pick your side now," he said wryly. Then he announced the impending break-up of the Experience. Super-drummer Mitch Mitchell and bassist Noel Redding were planning to form their own groups.

But what Hendrix sang toted up the mood of Denver pop-dollar signs as God: "Gonna be a voodoo chile; gonna go on the road. Gonna make a lot of money, and buy this town. Gonna buy this town and put it all in my shoe."



Photographs by Robert Sheffield





## 1969...THE STOOGES

The dangerous psychedelic Stooges manage to quickly get down to the nitty gritty of sensual frustration for all of neo-American adolescent malehood...

1969, the lead song on the disc, is the perfect expression of the oldest complaint of rebellious anarcho/crazy youth. Iggy sounds a lot younger than twenty-two for the horny American youth whose fantasies he summarizes...

I WANNA BE YOUR DOG is reminiscent of early Velvet Underground music carrying it into even more bizarre levels...

NO FUN is a crazed song of repressed American boy/girl crazies...

NOT RIGHT features some physically abusive guitar playing by Stooge guitarist Ron Asheton. Throughout the album Asheton reveals himself as an insane master of the power the Stooges channel into their music. This is probably the guitar style of the future...

The music is all 1969; Iggy and the boys doing Stooge music.

CREEM/AUGUST, 1969



THE STOOGES/EKS 74043

ALSO ON ALL TAPE CONFIGURATIONS BY AMPEX



ARGUS, PAGE TWENTY-ONE





The Howlin' Wolf

## the real blues

Blues music has languished in brown-paper-bag nightclubs and on the chicken circuit, while its imitator, pop, has made millions for artists at summer festivals and at colossal concerts.

But on August first, blues and the festival form got together in Ann Arbor.

Three days later, twenty-four distinguished bluesmen left Ann Arbor in happy disbelief; the audience left sated and hoarse, while the promoters walked away with pocket money and big grins.

The festival was weighted slightly toward city blues [B.B. King, Magic Sam, James Cotton, Junior Wells, to name a few], but more plaintive, less sophisticated country blues idiom was amply represented by the legendary Son, Sleepy John Estes, Clifton Chenier and others.

B.B. held the audience spellbound, in a way that only Son House would

later duplicate. The crowd was unusually still, just digging the master. Umh-huuh.

Returning for his second encore, King tearfully told the crowd that playing the festival was "the happiest experience of my life."

Who could equal B.B. King? Howlin' Wolf.

Saturday belonged to Wolf, and parenthetically, to Muddy Waters. Muddy has aged well, and has collected sidemen who can knock you right out. Pinetop, the pianist, had joined Muddy two weeks prior to the blues festival, and he got it on righteously.

But Wolf—you had to be there. Wolf drank a little juice before his set, and was in rare form. He lurched onstage, while the band laid down some gutsy rhythm, and played with a tiny motorbike that some equipment dude had brought out.

Then Wolf did some low-down th-

ings with the microphone, and got down to the singing and harp. It was said later that Wolf played too long [an hour and a-half], but it was only long in that Otis Rush's set scheduled next had to be shortened.

Wolf is an flamboyant a talker as he is performer. Earlier, he had taken a swipe at pop music: "When it's too loud, it's nothing but knockness. . . that's the worst garbage in town. But the peoples eats it up, just like the rabbit eating the carrot."

Sunday began as Friday had—with pianist Roosevelt Sykes. His major influence is St. Louis, a prominent musical town in the 1930's. He plays unaccompanied, except for an omnipresent cigar, an irony since Sykes has frequently accompanied others in the past.

Roosevelt was also a fixture backstage, sitting, enjoying raps with old friends and smiling a lot.

And, at last, Big Mama Thornton's turn. Big Mama had been backstage with Roosevelt and Crudup most of the first two days of the festival. In fact, she made some money selling beer at a 100 per cent mark-up.

On Sunday, she performed with her old friend and long-time musical companion, T-Bone Walker. Big Mama did the tunes that made others famous while she, their originator, remained in relative obscurity: Hound Dog [Elvis], Ball and Chain [Janis Joplin].

Big Mama also played some drums and harp. Her harp was like Wolf's. That is, not musically polished but very effective.

James Cotton was billed second-to-last, and his show contrasted sharply with the concluding act, Son House. While Junior Wells had played James Brown earlier in the festival, Cotton had something of his own all worked up.





Freddie King



B.B. King



Son House

The Ann Arbor Blues Festival  
photographed by Thomas R. Copi



T-Bone Walker and friend Roosevelt Sykes

## project

He took off his shirt in the heat of "Lovelight" and jumped around merrily.

It was actually unfair to Cotton that he preceded Son House.

House is an old and frail man. His singing and guitar work are sometimes discordant, yet he was perhaps more moving than any other artists.

House is one of the last surviving "original" bluesmen, and he demonstrated that the idiom is still incredibly rich in potential. His appearances are rare and priceless. It was a moving sight when hundreds of hands reached up to House to be shaken as he finished his set.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Blues Festival came off on a total budget of about \$60,000, and was an unqualified success.

This is instructive after a summer

of festivals featuring cops protecting promoters' interests with clubs and gas.

Jimi Hendrix reportedly received \$100,000 for one set at the Newport '69 pop festival early this summer, and kids outside the gates rioted because they felt, justly, that the admission prices were too high.

This can't go on much longer. The kids won't stand for it. Promoters and their cohorts, the record industry moguls, will see that the kids are on to them.

One of the booking agents for the Blues Festival made the point that kids are getting hipper when it comes to music. In terms of Ann Arbor, this means that we are beginning to look for the genuine article.



Big Joe Williams



**Editor's note:** Sometimes journalists are at a loss for words, usually under one of two sets of circumstances. The first is a situation of extreme emotion and deep feeling. The second is relevant here, and consists of bewilderment tempered by indifference. Anyway, you deserve some kind of explanation, so here goes—Alice Cooper is a Zappa-sponsored band that recently played a number of times in Michigan. The key word is Zappa, since much of Alice Cooper is pure, good ol' Frank. Phop.

**Argus:** The first thing I want to ask is do any of you ever get hurt on stage?

**Mike Bruce:** Hell, yes. I think I broke my elbow tonight.

**Alice Cooper:** Ask her. She was at our practice the other night and we beat the fuck out of her.

**Glen Buxton:** What do you mean, her? You kicked me in the fucking head. I was bleeding all over, it was really great. That was just practice, too.

**Argus:** How does the audience usually react to your violence? Why do you do this?

**Glen:** Well, if I can't kick and beat someone I don't feel like a man.

**Alice:** What does America want?

**Glen:** That's what America's fucking based on.

**Alice:** Yeah, violence and sex.

**Glen:** Violence... and sex. They go hand in hand. Pain leads to pleasure. Oh, spare me my pain!

**Alice:** Spare me my chickens.

**Glen:** Yes, spare me my fucking feather-covered grief.

**Argus:** I think that's kind of...

**Glen:** I'm going to kill the next chicken I see.

**Alice:** What?

**Glen:** They're fucking idiots, man, they can't dance.

**Dennis Dunaway:** We saved their lives cause they were gonna be poultry today.

**Glen:** Yeah, they were gonna be killed today and that's why we bought them in the first place.

**Alice:** We didn't want them to get hurt, you know, so we thought we'd put them in the act.

**Argus:** Do you buy them like in every town?

**Glen:** Yeah, yeah.

**Alice:** No. This is the first time.

**Glen:** We buy them in every town but we don't kill them, I mean we don't put them in the act.

**Alice:** We were going to use them in Mt. Clemens, but we didn't go on until five in the morning so we didn't go on.

**Argus:** Do you ever run into trouble with the local populous or as Zappa said, 'constabulary', when you do things like this?

**Glen:** Well, he's got a license to be a butcher.

**Alice:** That's true. You know, you see, I have a butcher's license.

**Glen:** So he can...

**Neal Smith:** What's slaughtering chickens?

**Glen:** He didn't even slaughter them, though.

**Dennis:** No listen, the chickens die, anyway, baby, cause I bought them from the store.

**Alice:** Don't get down on him, he wanted to kill one.

**Dennis:** Now a couple of people are going to take them back and cook them tomorrow night—a dynamite meal. No chickens were killed. It's mostly exaggeration.

**Alice:** He's with us...

**Argus:** The people...

**Alice:** He's on our side.

**Argus:** Ok. The people... the people... the first thing I didn't realize is that like I probably had some chicken salad last week.

**Alice:** Ah-h-h-h, yes.

**Argus:** And people don't realize you know, that they're killed every day... that they don't realize where they



come from... I guess... they think that they're synthetic or something.

**Alice:** Actually what it is doesn't mean much about chickens. It's just like a statement.

**Dennis:** I was a vegetarian for like a year you know, and I couldn't dig killing animals.

**Argus:** Yeah.

**Dennis:** But if you eat chicken it's no difference.

**Argus:** That's when it hit me...

**Dennis:** If you're gonna pay taxes it's worse than killing 5,000 chickens on stage.

**Argus:** The thing that hit me was when the chickens started flying and I said wow what did I have for dinner? I had cheeseburgers.

**Dennis:** We're having chicken for dinner tomorrow.

**Glen:** You know, the whole scene is this...

**Dennis:** Let's get a cow then.

**Alice:** The thing we were going to do is bring a butcher on stage and have him kill a pig cause that's how they kill them, they hit them with an axe in the head. They do it in the slaughter house, why not do it on stage and make it a statement, you know, cause that's what it would really be—a statement on what you're eating.

**Argus:** So what you're doing is like bringing like a reality to the stage.

**Alice:** Sure, well that's one thing but like actually what we're doing... the whole statement on the stage is an unreality. None of it connects, you know, a lot of people like put that whole thing together and if they can they put a whole big thing from beginning to end and make that into a whole story... a whole thing, you know.

**Glen:** Somebody stole my pet chicken, man. [falsetto] Years I've spent on that chicken and what do I get—chicken jokes! My chicken's buried, man, some cats copped off with it.

**Alice:** Or else somebody ate him, you know.

**Glen:** If they eat that...

**Alice:** You know people in Korea are starving.

**Glen:** If they eat Chatsworth they're gonna answer to me, man. Some cats will do that, they just cop on to your chicken like that.

**Alice:** Face it, someone ate your chicken. Do you have any White Panther buttons I could have?

**Argus:** We could probably get some...

**Debby:** Alice, I already gave you one.

**Alice:** I know, I lost it, I don't know where it is. I think it was on that chicken.

**Argus:** How is the album doing?

**Alice:** It's doing well, it's on the survey.

**Glen:** It's in Acapulco now taking a vacation.

**Alice:** Yeah, we released it with that movie "Daffy Duck in Argentina". Have you seen that?

**Argus:** No, I haven't.

**Alice:** It's the theme music for "Daffy Duck in Argentina." No, it's not at all, it's an album full of music.

**Argus:** I was wondering if you run into trouble when you go into towns like Detroit.

**Glen:** We get beat up.

**Alice:** Yeah, we get pounded, but that's no different from being on the stage.

**Glen:** When we get killed, that's trouble. When we're dead, we're in trouble.

**Alice:** Right!

**Glen:** Oh-h-h-h, chicken, oh-h-h-h, it's Chatsworth.

**Alice:** Chatsworth isn't dead!

**Argus:** Is that his? Is that thrown on the stage?

**Alice:** What, the chicken?

**Argus:** Or is it protected?

**Alice:** They were in a bag. They were in a pillow case. We thought that was sort of symbolic.

**Glen:** Oh-h-h-h, Chatsworth... goddamn.





Alice: He's ok... he's ok, isn't he?

Glen: Watch it, they go for the eyes first.

Argus: Have you got him much protected? You never know what's going to happen.

Glen: Well, you know, I've had him for like years.

Alice: He's survived you know. He's survived the whole thing.

Argus: Who takes care of him?

Glen: Well, me, man. I gotta carry him on the airplane.

Alice: You got to take care of your chickens.

Argus: Does he stay in the hotel room?

Alice: Yeah, we get him an extra bed.

Glen: Fuck em. They don't know shit.

Alice: He's a little pissed off...

Glen: Yeah, I kicked him tonight. Did you see me kick him?

Alice: Yeah, that was shitty...

Glen: But you know what he did, he broke into my room last night...

Alice: ...and he shit in your mouth, didn't he?

Glen: Yeah. I lost my gum in the cage and I couldn't find my gum. It kept looking like chicken shit.

Alice: I don't want to kill anymore chickens cause they are really nice and peaceful.

Glen: It's not a chicken, it's a rooster.

Alice: This isn't a rooster.

Argus: Weren't these at Mt. Clemens?

Alice: No, we got these here in Detroit. We had six of them in Mt. Clemens and the MCS got two of them.

Glen: Four of them got sick.

Alice: Four of them took a raincheck.

Argus: You people don't drink do you?

Glen: Sure, man. Drinking is a high.

Alice: It really is.

Glen: Do you know that alcohol is considered a psychedelic?

Argus: I didn't know; I think Ripple wine might do it to you.

Glen: Oh, I've been on that trip...

Argus: Are you cats poor now or are you making good bread?

Alice: Oh, I think I'm relatively poor.

Glen: We live in Watts, you know.

Alice: We can only afford three chickens, we used to be able to afford a whole dozen of them.

Glen: We used to live in Topanga Canyon and him and I used to buy a bottle of Boones Berry Wine. We'd drink it and then walk up the hill. By the time we got there I didn't even know who you were. Who are you by the way?

Argus: Boone's Farm Apple wine is a great local wine.

Alice: Yeah, it's awful, we had blueberry, I got sick.

Glen: You can get blueberry, grape, lime, all that shit. Chatsworth, did you learn your lessons?

Argus: It looks like he's a bit...

Glen: Yeah, he's really uptight.

Alice: You see, the ones that make it are like the Christians that killed the lions, they get to stay with us.

Glen: I've had Chatsworth for four years.

Alice: Chatsworth is a survivor.

Glen: He's got a degree in Political Science. It's time for you to crash, Chatsworth. You have to go to bed without dinner because you didn't do your homework. I'd sure like to go to some kind of basharoonie.

Alice: That's right, but Detroit's so hot.

Glen: Yeah—the women and the dope...

Alice: Not hot physically, but mentally. Detroit is a mentally hot place. Four narcs were back here last night.

Glen: We peeled their skin off...

Alice and Glen [in unison]: ...and rolled them in salt.

Argus: Four narcotics agents?

Alice: Yeah, they were back here.

Argus: They were obvious?

Alice: Yeah, ten-four, you know, Broderick Crawford.

Argus: Do you people have plans to go to Europe?

Alice: I'd like to go to Sweden and have an operation. No, but I do want to go to Sweden and live.

Argus: Are you going to play over in Europe soon or don't you know?

Alice: We might go over with the Mothers, but I don't know. I'd like to.

Argus: When you guys recorded, did you do what you wanted to or did Zappa...

Alice: Yeah, we did it all ourselves, he just gave us the studio and we did it. Like he started to produce it but he gave up. [falsetto] "I don't understand that garbage," and he left in a huff, so we did it.

Argus: In other words, you flipped out Zappa, that's pretty good.

Alice: He's not that-flipped out, he still likes Stravinsky.

Argus: Yeah, when he was in town, he was talking about Stockhausen.

Glen: Switched-On Bach. [to Chatsworth] Alright, you can go home and crash. [to Alice] You really fucking upset him.

Alice: Yeah?

Glen: Be careful, he goes for the eyes, man. Roosters are really fierce fighters.

Argus: What do you have to say about Wildman Fisher?

Alice: He should go in debate with William F. Buckley or Gore Vidal and see what happens. Or marry Frank Zappa.

Argus: Alice, do you know what witch you're related to?

Alice: No, which witch? Get it: Which witch?

AC SIX

Glen: I oughtta rap you one.

Argus: I'm supposed to get some gory details about this band.

Alice: Ok, we're all closet queens, and we beat up the MCS once.

Glen: We met them in Watts, man.

Alice: I used to go steady with Paul McCartney until he broke up with me to go with Mick Jagger.

Glen: [British accent] Actually, they were just good friends.

Alice: Glen uses scotch-flavored tooth-paste.

Glen: I lead a hard life, I deserve my scotch-flavored tooth-paste. Chatsworth has been my best fucking buddy for years and he's really a chicken.

Alice: Our act isn't that weird. It's just like television with the sex and violence. The American way.

Glen: Have you ever tried to ball a chicken? This chicken has a bad case of penis-envy. A rooster with penis-envy. Who else would have a rooster with penis-envy?

Alice: Actually we're just mild-mannered pop stars.

Glen: [hitting Alice over the head] Shut your fucking mouth when I'm talking to my chicken!

Argus: What's his name? Can I ask you what your name is, sir?

Glen: [falsetto] Chicken jokes, chicken jokes!

Alice: This is Jane Fonda. He played Barbarella. I was the black queen. I had a patch over one eye.

Glen: Actually, I'm Glen Buxton. Hi, mom...

Alice: He's a double Scorpio rebel.

Glen: Triple Scorpio, I've had my fucking chart done.

Argus: Have your parents come to see your concerts?

Alice: Glen, leave me alone for now. My parents are very together. So are his parents.

Glen: His mother and my mother...

Alice: Yeah, they all have flat-tops.

Glen: They get on the phone together: [falsetto] "The boys are taking LSD again."

Alice: They're fun, too, they make all our clothes.

Glen: They make all our mistakes. [falsetto] "You boys should cut your hair and get a job."

Alice: You know, a good looking boy like you should get a job.

Glen: I should go back to college, make a buck. I have to take Chatsworth back to his coop.

Argus: Have you ever got into a fight on stage and had somebody join in?

Alice: Yeah, we had the Hell's Angels jump in at Saugatuck. It was outasite, about six of them.

Glen: They weren't the Hell's Angels, they were the assholes devils. Those motorcyclists are fucking sadistic.

Alice: They jumped on stage and we jumped off.

Argus: What do you think about motorcycle dudes?

Glen: I challenge any one of them! Don't print that.

Alice: I think they're a lot of fun.

Argus: A lot of fun?

Alice: I think they should have black bands over their eyes so that nobody can tell who they are when they grow up.



# ATLANTA POP

by Jon Grell

Tracking down through the Georgia hills to Atlanta, fantasies of Maddox Country patriots toting shotguns to get them hippies, flowing hard through the air like moonshine burning down your throat. The further south you get though, the more the fantasies dissipate and the people become less hostile; even friendly. In New York, you can't walk down a street outside of the Lower East Side without picking up the hostility and stares from the straight, hate the hippies crowd. But coming into Atlanta, it seems that people like that just don't exist. Straight type/hillbilly kind of people will smile at you or flash you the V and you can honestly feel that they're digging on you. It's digging in the sense of curiosity and digging in a togetherness of knowing where getting high is at and bailing a chick behind the barn. Lester Maddox went wrong someplace.

The Atlanta hip community has to be one of the tightest in the country. The people may be friendly, but the pigs are a definite bummer, to say the least. People show a certain fear on their faces in the streets, and busts for jaywalking are very common. Stoned freaks looking up to wait for the green light. So the people keep tight, the chicks making you feel right at home. Fourteen and fifteen year old kids with wild hair down their backs rapping about how they just couldn't live at home looking like that and had to split. Everybody's into a very communal scene, ten or so people living very tightly in beautiful old homes.

Some of the people were handing out leaflets about how Coca Cola and Eastern Airlines had bread in the festival, and how people should try to get in for free, since laying fifteen bucks on Eastern Airlines just didn't make it. People dug it.

People arriving early were pretty pissed because it turned out that the festival grounds were going to be thirty miles outside of Atlanta. Okay, a hype is a hype, but they better not pull anymore. Making it out on the highway to the racetrack where the festival was gonna be, cars full of freaks pouring in from Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee, dealing dope on the crowded highway. Hillbillies rapping in the heaviest of Southern drawls, passing jugs of moonshine from car to car.

People camping out Thursday night, dancing to music around fires, passing reefers, and fucking in the bushes. Very dynamite vibes. The gates opened Friday morning and there must have been at least 100,000 people streaming through to dig on the music. There were only five or six rent-a-pigs on the grounds to direct traffic. People jumped over the fence with no hassles from anybody. If you wanted to pay, that was cool. If you didn't want to, that was cool also.

It seems that in their quest to make bread, the promoters managed to forget certain human needs like shade and water. It was at least 105 degrees and everybody was sitting out under the sun. There was just no water, unless you brought your own. But with all the free acid handed out, nobody got too uptight. Some passed around ice cubes and jugs of water.

Freaks and hillbillies together in acid and moonshine consciousness, digging and dancing with and to the music. Nothing can be said about the total barrage of music, except that it was outasite. Janis Joplin was the queen of the festival and Led Zepellin the king. Janis completely dug the southern audience and belted out this new song she does called "Maybe" which was beautiful. Everybody up and moving their bodies to Jimmy Paige's searing blues riffs. Our amazing energy and force can be partially realized at the sight of 100,000 dancing, together, stoned freaks. The vibes could truly shake down the walls of a city. Saturday night, around four in the morning it was all over and people passed out like the end of an orgy. Even the promoters ended terrifically. At six that evening, the promoters announce-

(continued on page 28)



Rob Tyner



ARGUS, PAGE TWENTY-SIX

# SAUGATUCK

By W. Rexford Benoit

Saugatuck 1969, the second time around for the fourth of July classic, was a strange mix of bands on the way up and bands on the way down.

The Stooges and the MC5 are the most prominent members of the former category. Alice Cooper [see interview in this section] joins them, but Alice is an entirely different thing. More about her later.

Something has been building in Detroit and environs in the past two or three years. It began with the MC5 and Uncle Russ' Grande Ballroom, and Iggy in Ann Arbor, sitting in his parents' trailer thinking about the band he would later call the Psychedelic Stooges.

The SRC began to practice hard on Broadway Street in Ann Arbor, and continued to practice until Capitol records signed them. The Amboy Dukes had a couple of big hits and the record world began to rumble about a "Detroit sound" promotion.

But the SRC and Dukes couldn't sustain anything. The 5 kicked Elektra records' ass, and the hype was off, probably to avoid a repeat of the "Bosstown" fiasco.

Meanwhile the Stooges kept getting better, and the 5 kept right on kicking ass and soon people began asking again "Is this what's happening?"

Procol Harum played the now-defunct Fifth Dimension and the Grande many times to the point of becoming a house band for the state of Michigan, and began their tragic, long descent into the ranks of fads past. [A shame, and an undeserved fate, since the Harum's lovely music will always be profoundly relevant.]

I began to think the 5 and the Stooges couldn't get any better, but they both did.

Now, today, the 5 is more nationally famous than the Stooges, but look at Saugatuck for a comparison.

Listening to the Stooges there [or anywhere in person] was like watching a TV set with a finger in an electric light outlet.

The 5 invited free-form audience participation in Saugatuck, as they always do, and the cluster of bikers around the stage were moved to stomp co-promoter Pete Andrews. Andrews went down right in front of me, so I asked if he were hurt. "No, dammit, I'm only resting," he said. Since the two-day festival, the 5 has been working on a new record with Jon Landau, and the Stooges album was released and is doing well.

What does it all mean?

Saugatuck froze the "Detroit sound" over two days, and put it all in perspective, and here's how it came out: The Stooges and 5 are the essence. Their distinctive sounds make them unlike any other bands and will undoubtedly make them both famous. Yeah, good. Joining the Crazy World of Arthur Brown on the way down is the SRC.

And Alice Cooper is a five-headed man-girl!





The  
view from  
Leslie West Mountain  
with Felix Pappalardi is great.  
You can see through  
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# NEWPORT FOLK FESTIVAL

Johnny Cash



George Wein had not known many moments of happiness for a number of days. The cretins had kicked in his fences at Newport jazz and terrorized the box seats.

So George looked to Newport Folk in fear and trepidation, which manifested itself in his generally uptight attitude throughout the affair.

Actually, George is simply out of touch with the needs of today's audiences. One of the most pressing of those needs is abolition of the old notion of performers in which the musician(s) sits on a chair onstage while the crowd sits on chairs out there someplace.

Consequently, performers of the sit-on-the-chairs genre didn't go over too well. Pete Seeger did an extremely polite set, demonstrating once again his complete failure in the field of realistic thinking. Who does he play for, anyway?

Van Morrison was similarly irrelevant, but his romanticism was slightly more appealing than Seeger's idealism. Buffy Ste-Marie with rock shadings, the Oldtimer's String Band, musical newscaster Len Chandler, and Billy Ed Wheeler.

Johnny Cash did it last on opening night for about 10,000 people. Cash is grand, even when dishing out only the well-oiled tunes that bring a practiced response.

Friday night was blues night. One-man band Jesse Fuller kicked 'em out, declaring "I had enough of them sad blues when I was little. . . these are the kind of blues I like," and did "I Got A Hump in My Back From Balling the Jack," "Running Wild," and his own "San Francisco Bay Blues."

Bronie McGhee, on guitar, accompanied Buddy Moss harp. Sleepy John Estes appeared with Yank Rachel, and Son House also played.

Flashy Big Mama Thornton got the first standing ovation of the festival as she sang "Hound Dog" wearing her distinctive baggy trousers and a yellow beret.

Taj Mahal was booked for the closing performance, but didn't show, as at Denver Pop.

Muddy Waters finished out, doing the same set he carries everywhere, but an exciting set at that, including "Gypsy Woman," "Hootchy-Kootchy Man," "Baby Please Don't Go," "I'm a Man," and "Got My Mojo Working."

Saturday night was the "what-have-they-been-doing-anyway?" Everly Brothers' night. A capacity crowd of 18,000 heard the boys' standards done with a depressing edge of desperation.

Arlo Guthrie followed.

The festival ended Sunday with a tribute to Leadbelly. But the expressive feeling for him generated on stage didn't reach the audience. Actually, it's not surprising, since the whole affair was overshadowed by a moonwalk, and any incipient jollity was quickly quashed by town officials fearful of a repeat of Newport jazz.

Buffy Ste.-Marie



(continued from page 26)

ed that everyone who was outside would be allowed in, free.

Hitching back up north, standing on highway 75, somewhere in Tennessee, finger stuck out for a ride. Some old cat pulls up in an old beat-up pick-up truck and says he's going to Ohio, do I want to go that far? and I say yeah, sure, and he says get in. He must have been in his forties and we start rapping. He tells me how he's illiterate, saying it in this fine, slow drawl, and he says that he heard that a lot of hippies smoke something called meerijoon. And I say yeah, they do, and he says do I have any and I whip out this huge bag of fine southern dope and light it up and pass it to him and he takes on it and we pass it back and he says that's pretty good, breaks out a gallon jug of moonshine and we pass that back and forth with the joints and the high is really beautiful. I ask him what happens if we get stopped by the state troopers and he says, well, "I've got my shotgun in the back of the truck, and you hippies are sure beautiful." Yeah, man, you're pretty outasite yourself.

Lester Maddox, you sure did fuck up.

Photographs by Patrick Murphy



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Incredible String Band  
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Bert Sommer  
Sweetwater

SAT., AUG., 16

Canned Heat  
Creedence Clearwater  
Grateful Dead  
Keef Hartley  
Janis Joplin  
Jefferson Airplane  
Mountain  
Quill  
Santana  
The Who

SUN., AUG., 17

The Band  
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\* White Lake, Town of Bethel (Sullivan County), N. Y.

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# FLICK BY FARGO

**EASY RIDER**—starring Peter Fonda, Dennis Hopper, and Jack Nicholson; Directed by Dennis Hopper; Produced by Peter Fonda; Written by Fonda, Hopper, and Terry Southern. Music from Steppenwolf, Hendrix, the Band, and others. 95 minutes. A very well-made color flick.

You might look at the name Peter Fonda, see that "Easy Rider" is yet another motorcycle flick, and decide to skip it or "see it some other time." Do not miss this movie—it should scare the shit out of you; it is a horrifying experience which you can not afford to avoid.

Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper play two motorcycle freaks who sell some dope and thereby pick up enough cash to ride from California to the Mardi Gras, truly "in search of America"—as the ads put it, although the two characters only realize the true meaning of their venture on a semi-conscious level. Off we go through the southwest United States, through awesome scenic splendor accompanied by an excellent soundtrack of

various underground songs, with every member of the audience eating his heart out over the fact that he is not on one of the cycles ripping through the countryside.

Fonda, who I've never liked, is quite a bit too super-cool as Wyatt; he is too sharply contrasted with his friend Billy [Dennis Hopper], who is constantly smoking marijuana and cigarettes, jabbering away endlessly, and generally uptight, though a lovable character because of it all. Fortunately, this film is largely about life-trips, and the fact that Fonda sees himself this way adds to the film. The two pick up a freak hitchhiker on the road and while taking him to a "hippie" commune over the course of a couple of days learn more about people being on different wavelengths—the hitch-hiker being a far more religious, but less warm person than either of the pair. Wyatt and Billy are busted in a small city for being long-hairs and while in jail meet George Hanson, an alcoholic lawyer played by Jack Nicholson in an outsize performance which is nicely balanced by Hopper's dynamic freakiness. Hanson

often works for the ACLU and the combination of being an understanding liberal and being in a small Southern town is unquestionably what has made him a drunk. He helps Wyatt and Billy off the hook and in return they help liberate him from himself by taking him along to the Mardi Gras.

As the density of people along the road increases, the nightmare begins. The trio leaves a restaurant without being served as danger and verbal harassment fill the air. That night, Hanson lectures the rather simplistic Billy about how people resent the three because they represent freedom, which people like to talk about but in actuality fear. When people are challenged by truly free people, they become dangerous, Hanson says. Such a lecture is heavy-handed, delivering as it does part of the film's message outright. A majority of the dialogue is hilariously loaded with clichéd phrases and thoughts, but the way of talking used in the movie, and even Hanson's little lecture, is totally realistic and apropos for the characters.

"Easy Rider" portrays the slime that is American culture within an admirably believable and Spartan framework. Billboards and Coca-Cola signs are present, but just often enough to remind us of all they symbolize. The film is loaded with important encounters and they all come off because they are realistic. Even in the commune, among a group of people in whose favor producer

Fonda is heavily biased, Billy finds himself desperately alone.

Hanson's speech foreshadows a beating given the three the same night. They are attacked while they sleep, presumably by the rednecks from the restaurant, and Hanson is killed. The boys finally make New Orleans and at the suggestion of the always stoned-out Billy go to the brothel which Hanson had always dreamed of visiting. Wyatt doesn't want to sleep with his chick, so he and Billy and their girls go out about the nightmarish dream world of Mardi Gras New Orleans. Now is the time when Wyatt decides that everyone should take the LSD which was given to him back near the commune with the admonition to take it at the "right time." And it is the right time, as the spectre of death haunts a beautifully conceived acid sequence, because this acid trip contains the truth, that the pair is heading for death because they have no home. The same idea was foreshadowed near the beginning of their travels by a farmer who had been heading for California but never quite made it, "you know how it is," but had found success because he stopped at the right time and place.

Wyatt and Billy know that time is running out and do not know where to run. We want to think that they have missed their chance, that the commune was the right place for them, but Hopper was right when he said he had to get moving again—this problem was that the road that he was moving on was America, and too many

FROST, Frost Music, Vanguard VSD 6520.

by Richard Mangelsdorf

Two-guitar quartet from Detroit that sidesteps first recording hangups by doing only what they know every step of the way, fronting impressive solidity and authority in the bargain.

What they know is good, basic rock, straight forward and unadorned. They're not originals, but the influences don't stick out either, the mainstream guitar whine and chime is together as it's got to be. Fluency helps too, especially when Wagner takes it out on a solo ("Stand in the Shadows" or "Who are You" most particularly).

Opening cut "Jennie Lee" (not Jan and Arnie's) is a hard driving pocket introduction to Frost. "Message" things like "The Family" and "A Long Way From Mobile" are musically well done and even maybe touching but probably the least effective cuts appearing. "Take My Hand" does some nice changes, with the Byrds' side of their experience lifting it. Changes too in "Mystery Man", subterranean Beatles echo at full-throttle strut.

Long tracks like "Stand in the Shadows" and "Who are You" are where Frost gets it all out there for you and they reveal themselves a superior band thereby. Blues edge to "Baby Once You Got It", cutting edge to "Little Susie Swinger" mean guitar righteously battling kazooos and farty '20's vocalizing on groupies lik to a standstill.

Lyric not yet outstanding, but may get there, the vocals come off well. In fact, the group itself will probably get there, all they need to do is expand into uniqueness. Even now, they're a good sound to have spinning out of your box.

\*\*\*\*\*

CHRIS HILLS, Everything is Everything, Vanguard-Apostolic VSD 6512.

by Richard Mangelsdorf

This could have been quite a record, I'd say. The chiming organ-bell-flute rondo "Witchi Tai To" is a beautiful opening, a simple little chant with soul, the sort of idea you get every once in a while and you say "shit, let's do this thing" and you do it and its a little groove that warms you. Following is "Oooh Baby" (instrumental version on Steve Marcus' Count's Rock Band, where Hills works as a sideman), a surging, irresistible tune (you start thinking that maybe Hills can really write these songs and will really showcase his

## ROCK REVIEWS

refrain-line and the vocal sounding at least some of the deep swoosh that a crack vocal quartet with steel velvet baritone lead could bring to bear. "Get Clean" is tight organ sax instrumental jazz-rock, verifying what you've already started to suspect that Pepper's reeds, especially tenor, and Lee Reineohl's in-deep and experienced organ are the stars and attractions of this presentation. Pepper solos much too briefly all through the album, this is his longest, and he's a fine jazz-rock tenor, indeed, bridging the gap as he holds funk, "newness" and mellowness together in tandem, while Reineohl simmers into those chords like someone you'd

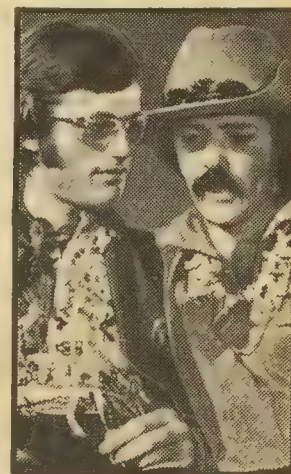
expect to hear playing opposite Stanley Turrentine.

"Full of Love" starts to give it away. Pepper's out and Hills sings all the way through, the two big mistakes that could be made here. Pepper's drive is indispensable and Hills is a singer of neither ability or feeling (no standout guitarist, either). Well, hell, its just a mood piece and Reineohl's neo-Brubeck piano is an interesting sight. Move on.

"Gemini" finds the imposed jiveness of conception bearing down on you as side one ends. This tune could have been compelling as "Oooh Baby" was, but only Pepper's screaming neo-Sanders tenor on in and his refrain-like kicks keep it afloat. Still, it's not so bad.

On side two, Hills (?) comes up working his r&b show, "Funkny Monkey" being a dance combination of Funky Broadway and Monkey and he "unhs" and "allrights" it into the ground (Reineohl's organ might have salvaged this cut). Pepper's out again and you realize that instead of using the talents here for either improvisation-jamming or for setting a good and memorable groove, Hills is going eclectic, trying to do something like everything on an Al Kooperish egotrip of the jive sort that New Yorkers can't seem to avoid. "Fork New York" is the same kind of thing, good lyrics, Pepper and all. "Jojo" sounds (hardly intentionally) like the Mothers' Ray Collins doin' a fifties scam; you can hear some good Pepper flute here and there if you can take the rest. Where the whole thing falls apart in drop-yr-head-down-to-yr-belly style is in the "Naima-Rainbeaux" medley, the first part being Pepper doubletrack-complimenting himself through the theme of Coltrane's tune and he even gets a little pedestrian, echoes, reverbs, and all. The following leaky tune by Hills ain't got no business in back on anything by Coltrane. The title cut may be a monster for all I know, it's all fucked up on the review copy I received.

Actually, there's enough good music to make this a nice-if-not-necessary LP to own—most of its on the first three cuts and afterwards you gotta skip the needle around some.



people did not want to let him ride. Most the ride of Wyatt and Billy tells them they are headed for destruction, their troubles are always foreshadowed. And that is why a person with an unclosed mind (what might be called an unAmerican mind) will find "Easy Rider" a terrifying movie. It reminds us of the fact that mental, as well as physical death, is already here for so many people that if we do not stop what if foreshadows and already is, everyone will be cut down.



## Captive Audience

JACKSON, Mich. [LNS]—Sunday, July 13, radio station WABX and Creem magazine, presented an unheard of event. Live at southern Michigan's prison in Jackson, the first completely rock show was presneted to 3600 inmates. The Savage Grace, Wilson Mower Pursuit and Third Power did two one and one-half hour shows and had the audience jumping and otherwise screaming their approval.

Dan Carisle, WABX disc jockey and coordinator of the event, wandered through the audience rapping with the "detained" brothers while Warden Crop and the guards looked on in stunned amazement as the inmates tapped with Dan about rock & roll.

Creem and WABX have been invited to do it again and we planning to bring the dangerous MC5, Mitch Ryder and several other groups at the end of August.





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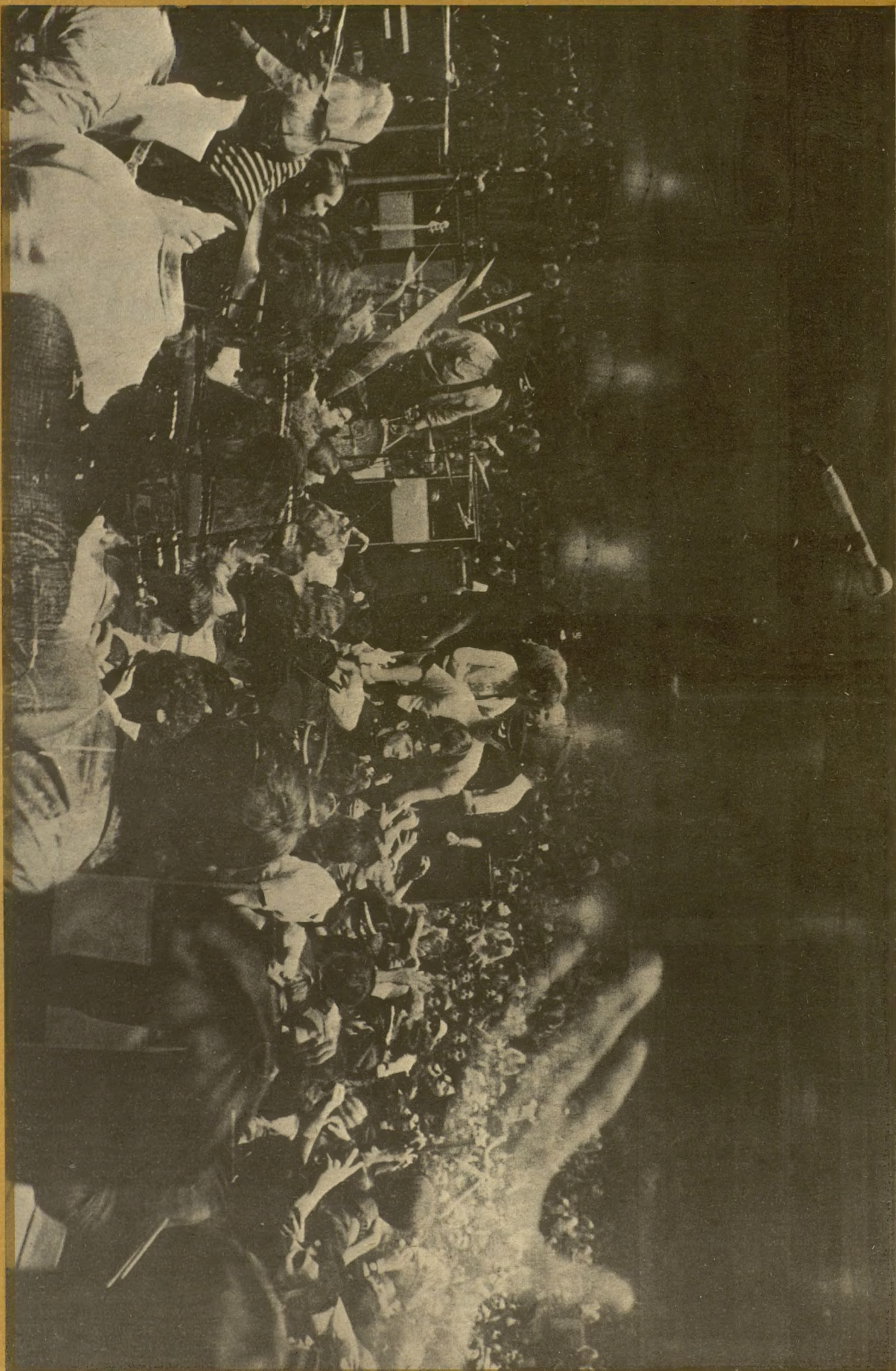


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ARGUS, PAGE THIRTY-TWO



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